THE BYSTANDER
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APRIL 30, 1924

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WEMBLEY—SPECIAL PICTURES

The BYSTANDER

Champagne
LEMOINE
CUVÉE ROYALE
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Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

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EXTRA DRY for England.
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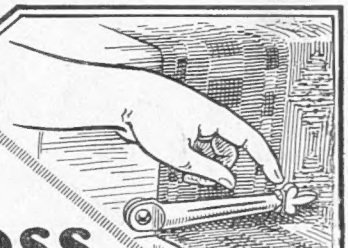

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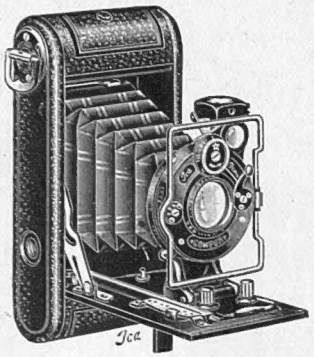

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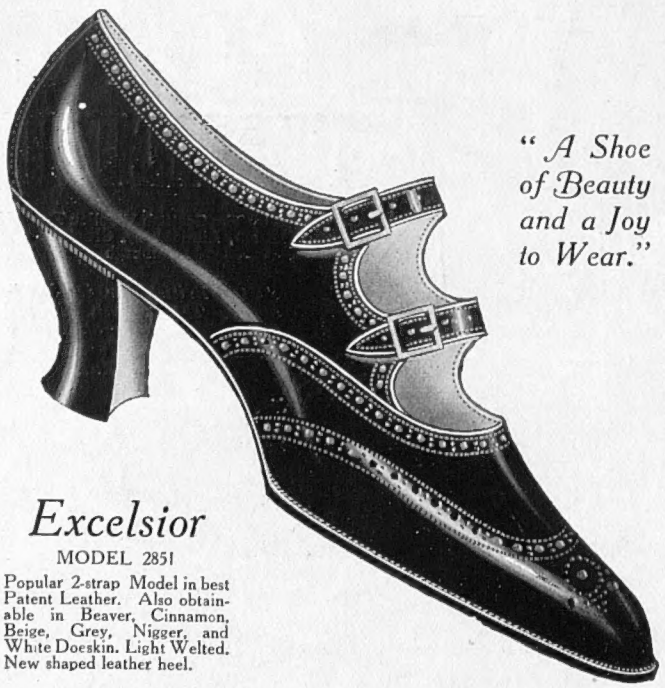

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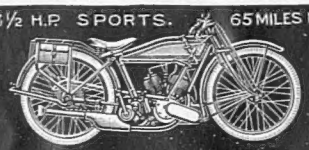

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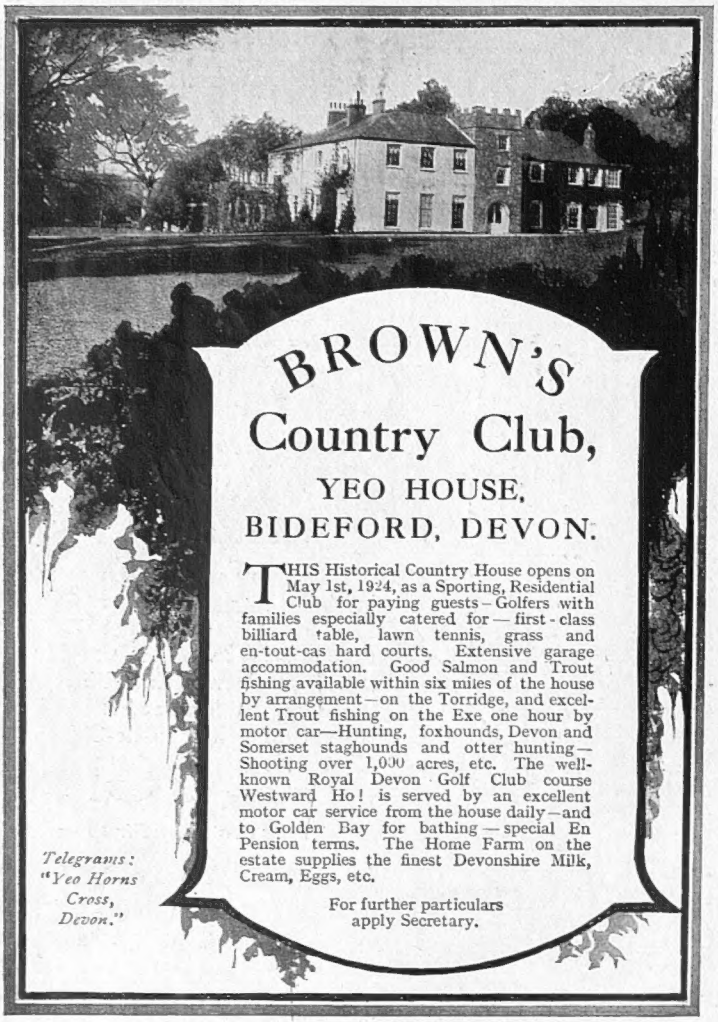

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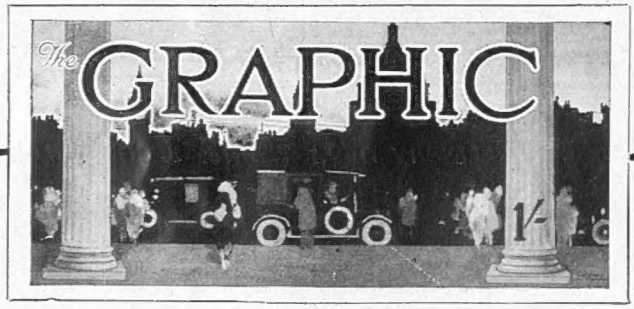

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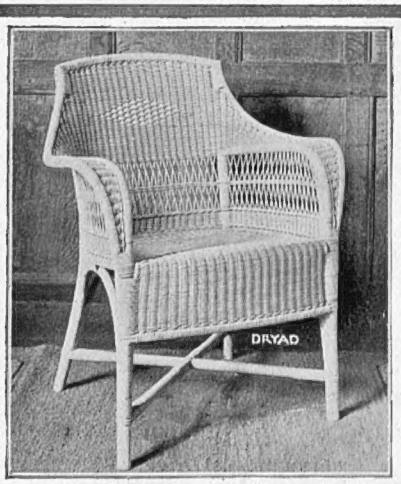

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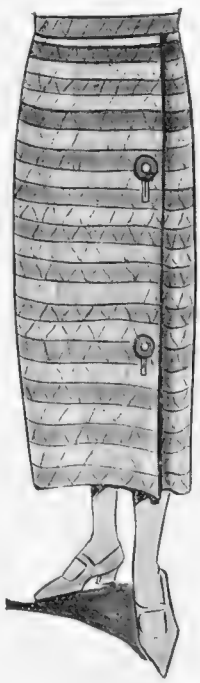

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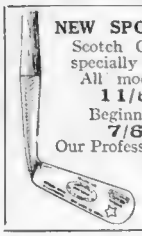

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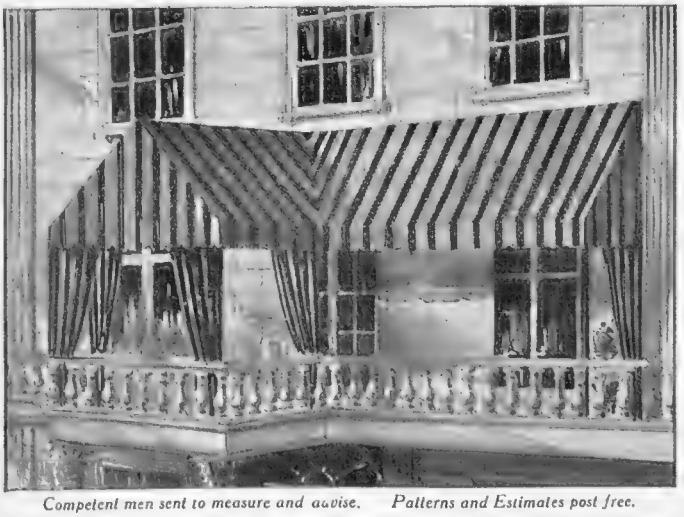

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The Bystander, April 30, 1924 No. 1065. Vol. LXXXII.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Hay Wrighton*

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The World at Wembley

THIS is a *blasé* age, and there is very little that can pierce the rusty armour of jaded world-weariness which so many people wear nowadays, but he is a poor specimen—hang him, I say!—who could fail to have been thrilled to the marrow of his bones by the King's great speech at the opening of the British Empire Exhibition, a speech actually heard by millions of loyal subjects.

The Voice of a King

WE are an undemonstrative race, and in the ordinary way would (quite rightly) suffer the thumbscrew and the stake rather than wear our heart upon our sleeve for daws to peck at, but even the most unemotional among us must have tingled unashamedly at the thought—the voice of a King speaking to his people. And what a voice! Rich and deep, it carried magnificently; a true King's voice, yet touched with that deep-rooted kindliness which is the soul of England.

Wembley Hits Out!

WEMBLEY, which has given delight to thousands and will give delight to millions more, has, it must be confessed, brought acute distress into certain circles. It has delivered what is known in sporting parlance as the complete K.O. to that unfortunate, harassed, overworked body—our adjectives. Poor little dears! They are so pathetically inadequate. Wonderful! we say. Magnificent! we say. Stupendous! we say. And yet, as we look at Wembley, we realise what wretchedly feeble things adjectives are. The brilliance, the glamour, the infinite variety of Wembley out-adjective all adjectives. We can only say, with Sheba's queen: "The half hath never been told!"

One for the Pessimists!

FURTHERMORE, Wembley has administered a nasty jar to the pessimists who said it could never be done. How they nodded their heads! "You will never get it finished in time," they lugubriously told us. They are not new, these pessimists. The same sort of people said the same sort of thing to a certain person who was building an ark long ago, but old Admiral Noah had the last laugh, and so has Wembley to-day!

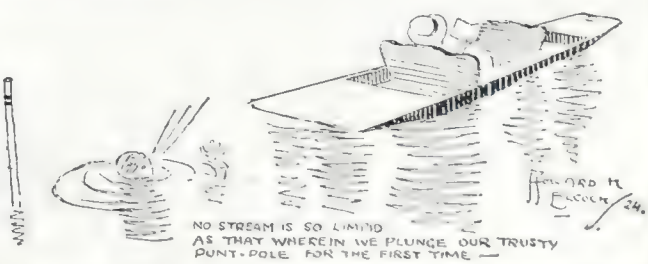
Fallacies Disproved

BOTH Afric's sunny fountains and India's coral strand
We watch in perfect comfort whilst listening to the band;
We smell the spicy breezes that blow o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where ev'ry prospect pleases and nobody is vile.
We wander by Niagara and hear its torrent roar;
Advance, Australia? Well, it HAS . . . *and settled down next door:*
Without a magic carpet we may saunter—yes, we may!—
From Camden Town to Kimberley, from Brixton to Bombay,
And finally, my brethren, it's no longer true to say
That "there ain't no buses running from the Bank to Mandalay."

The Merry Month

APRIL, that fascinating, if somewhat highly strung damsel, has departed, carrying hence her tears and laughter, and leaving us in the company of her more cheerful sister, the merry month of May. She is a sweet girl, this maid of the hawthorn buds, and I love her, but, like all good people, she has her detractors. Certain rheumy-eyed curmudgeons will try to put you against her, murmuring sinister

(*Continued on page 289.*)



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A New Musical Comedy.

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EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
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ALFRED DRAYTON. REGINALD OWEN. RONALD SQUIRE. STUART SAGE.

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ALL PHOTOGRAPHERS

will find announcements of interest to them on page 274. When replying to advertisements, please mention "The Bystander."

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Made and Printed in Great Britain.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

warnings against casting clouts till May be out. In my ignorance I had always imagined that a clout was the sort of thing M. Carpentier might give you if you were rude to him, but I suppose these people do not mean quite the same thing.

Oh, That We, Too, Were Maying!

In any case, do not listen to them. Forget their idle babble about casting clouts. May is a delightful month because it brings the beginning of summer delights. There are no joys like the first joys. No grass is so green as the velvet turf on which we serve our first double-fault of the season. No stream is so limpid as that wherein we plunge our trusty punt-pole for the first time. No boundary is so sweetly satisfying as the one we snick through the slips off the very first ball sent down. (We really meant to pull it to leg over mid-on's head, but what does it matter?)

On the Green

Village cricket! Is there anything in the world so thoroughly and delightfully English? I trow not. Lord's may have its worshippers and Kennington its Hobbs and its gasworks, but it is on the village green, where long-on stands on the edge of the duckpond and third-man is knee-deep in nettles, that English cricket is seen at its truest and best. What do they know of cricket (we may well ask) who only the Oval know? If you have not seen the deadly struggle between Little Whittlebury and Doddington Parva upon a pitch pitted with rabbit-holes, you have not seen life. What though we only wear one pad, probably on the wrong leg? We play the game in the true spirit.

Our Village Eleven

The squire he wears upon his head
A cap of the M.C.C.;
His butler sports a lone, brown pad
Around his gouty knee;
The Vicar's views are somewhat broad,
Which makes his bowling wide,
And the coachman makes tremendous drives
When once he's found his stride.
Our barber curls them from the off
And makes your leg-bail spin;
We've a p'liceman who would run you out
As soon as run you in.
A motley crowd, we do our bit
With bat and pad and ball
And handy Mr. Extras makes
The highest score of all.

The Young Visitors

We welcome "our friends, the enemy," in the shape of the South African cricketers, now (as the Vicar would say) in our midst, thirsting to avenge the narrow defeat inflicted upon them by our last visiting eleven. The team demonstrates the fallacy of the adage that age and youth cannot live together, for it comprises a judicious blending of hardy old-stagers, like A. D. Nourse and S. J. Pegler, with youthful warriors like E. P. Nupen, G. Bassett and H. G. Deane, who have yet to win their spurs in the Old Country. Used as they are to the fast matting wickets of the Southern hemisphere, it remains to be seen how they will fare under the variable conditions of our English summer.

The Game's the Thing!

Given plenty of sunshine, with its attendant blessings of a "shirt-front" pitch and a billiard-table outfield, they will, I think, hold their own against us. But, on the other hand, if the weather is treacherous and wickets (like pre-historic empires) crumble, they will have all their work cut out in facing the wiles of the lithe and handsome Woolley, the merry rogue, Parkin, and the master-strategist, Wilfred Rhodes, whose Machiavellian hand has in no wise lost its cunning. *Che sara, sara.* The future is on the knees of the gods, but whatever may happen, we shall give them a mighty tussle. If we beat them, well. If they beat us, we will take our medicine with a grin. After all, the play's the thing. . . . And so say all of us.

By Blam

DR. RAMSAY JEKYLL AND MR. MACDONALD HYDE AT YORK, APRIL, 1924

In a Sporting Spirit

As a sort of welcome to the first real ration of Spring sunshine, next week's issue of The Bystander is to be a Summer Sport's Number. I hope it won't frighten our solar ruler, because we really mean very well. Anyway, lest he should prove fractious on the strength of this advance information, I shall merely whisper a few of the topics which next week's issue will contain: Polo and its Prospects, by Mr. Arthur W. Coaten; a *causerie* on Cricket, by "Pendarves," and notes on Lawn Tennis. Oh! And talking about sport, as there is to be that great indoor game of see, saw, and seen, on Private View Day at the Royal Academy this Friday, we shall reproduce some of the pictures so that those of our readers who were there will, at any rate, be able to see a *few* of the exhibits.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *E. Longmate*

BEARING UP

Lord Porchester insists on being photographed with his mother, the Countess of Carnarvon, at Highclere Castle. He wishes it to be pictorially recorded that even after so trying a public ordeal as his christening, he scorns to do anything so childish as to cry

A Family Gathering

WITH the exception of the Prince of Wales, the King and Queen had all their family with them at Windsor for Easter, including Princess Mary, Lord Lascelles, and Master George Lascelles. This was the first visit of the King's first grandson to Windsor.

Another visitor was Queen Olga of Greece, the King's aunt by marriage, Queen Alexandra's sister-in-law, and grandmother of the recently deposed King George of Greece. She stayed until Easter Monday when Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught joined the Royal party.

The Prince spent his Easter at Le Touquet, where he went from Paris on his way back from Biarritz. The links at Le Touquet seem to have a particular attraction for the Prince. He never misses an opportunity of playing there whenever he can, and this year his Easter was decidedly a golfing one, for he was out on those charming links beyond the pine-woods and the villas practically the whole of the time.

There were a good many people at Le Touquet for Easter, including Lord and Lady Portarlington, Lord Ilchester, Lord Sinclair, and Sir Victor Warrender.

The Exhibition

THE event of events last week, of course, was the State opening by the King of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. It brought cohorts of people rushing back to London, and shortened many Easter holidays. I suppose, without any exaggeration, it was the biggest thing of the sort we have ever had in this country.

Photograph *G. P. U.*

AFTER THE CHRISTENING

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten with their baby daughter, Lady Patricia Edwina, photographed in the garden of Brook House after the christening. The ceremony, which took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James', was attended by the Prince of Wales, who is the child's godfather

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

A WEDDING OF LAST WEEK

Dr. Disney Cran and his bride, Miss Peggy Cochrane, photographed with the best man and bridesmaids after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The bride, who is a well-known violinist, composed a new setting to the wedding hymn, "Fount of All Life," which was rendered during the ceremony by a soloist

I doubt if ever 120,000 people have been gathered in one place to witness any ceremony in England before, for the simple reason there has never been anything as big as the Stadium to hold them.

The Victorians bubbled with amazement over the vast throng gathered to witness the opening of the Great Exhibition in 1851 in Hyde Park by Queen Victoria—incidentally in the most hideous garments ever invented by human man or woman—but the gathering at Wembley was as the sands of the sea in comparison.

As I told you before, I have never seen anything with which the entrance to the Stadium, with stupendous walls and towers, can be compared except the giant ruins at Baalbec. The vastness within makes humanity look uncommon small, and from the upper seats the

Royal procession, with its pomp and colour proper to the occasion, looked as if it were being seen through the wrong end of opera glasses. But so great a moment in the history of a great Empire calls for a great setting.

It is now admitted that the motor-car cannot take the place of the horse-drawn carriage in Royal ceremonial processions. This is proved by the fact that the King and Queen and their guests now motor part of the way to Ascot, and then change into the semi-State landaus for the drive down the course.

The same arrangement was made for Wembley. The Royal party motored from Windsor, changing into the State carriages at the entrance to the Exhibition for the historic drive round the Stadium. A line of motor-cars, even if the chauffeurs wore the Royal scarlet livery, going round the Stadium would not have been an inspiring sight.

The Season

PRINCESS MARY'S party at Chesterfield House last Tuesday was an official opening, as it were, of the London season proper, the first time the social ball has been set rolling by a Royal princess. An interesting point, isn't it, seeing that we have a Labour-Socialist Government in power. But any entertaining at Chesterfield House will be on the "small and quiet" side—if there is any entertaining at all. Princess Mary will spend the latter part of the season in the country.

Next month will be the most crowded of the season. To begin with there are the Roumanian and Italian Royal visits—with only a fortnight between them—a State Ball, and two Courts. Buckingham Palace, therefore, will be "full of busy." Then the Opera begins next Monday. The subscription list, which includes the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, reads, I hear, like the lists of pre-War days, and Covent Garden, too, this season at any rate, will be what an eighteenth-century writer described as "a place of fashionable frequentation."

Add to this, at least, sixty dances already announced for May, including one to be given by the Duchess of Norfolk for Lady Rachel Howard; dinners and luncheons galore by all sorts and conditions of folk for all sorts of other folk; charity entertainments by the bushel, and nearly every Colonial, American, and distinguished foreigner every one of us ever knew descending upon London for Wembley.

The mere contemplation of one's engagement-book is already dizzying. I heard a most hospitable lady, who entertains on a large scale, and who spends most of her time in other people's houses when she is not entertaining in her own, say, "I'm getting all my dresses now because I know directly May begins I shall not have a minute to spare for the dressmakers."

For Sale—A Principality

I WONDER if it is true that the Duke de Talleyrand-Perigord is offering the principality of Sagan for sale. At any rate, such is the story with the further addition that he is doing so on behalf of his son, a minor, whose property it appears to be.

The principality is about three hundred square miles in extent, and, like some of the Italian principalities, gives its owner the right to the title of Prince. In this case, however, it is said to be stipulated that the purchaser cannot call himself Prince de Sagan until the death of the Duke de Talleyrand-Perigord. It is in Germany, some hundred miles or so from Berlin.

Once upon a time, Sagan belonged to the Kings of Bohemia, but was sold, together with its title, to Wallenstein, who was regarded by the Hapsburgs as a robber and a villain, and by the Bohemians as a national hero. When Wallenstein was assassinated the Hapsburgs took possession of Sagan. Later, it was given by them to a Duke of Courland and ultimately passed into the possession of the Comtesse de Tallyrand-Perigord, one of the most

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

MISS PHILIPPA WENDELL

The sister of the Countess of Carnarvon, who is to appear in the Pageant of Empire at the United Empire Ball to be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on May 5. She is taking the part of the Puritan maid, Priscilla, beloved of Miles Standish

Photograph] THE LUCK OF THE NAVY *[Vandyk*

The wedding group photographed after the marriage between Lt. H. W. S. Browning, R.N., and Miss V. V. Hohler, which took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week. The group shows the bride and bridegroom with Lieut. Charles Firth, the best man, and the bridesmaids, the Misses Anne Messel, Esmée Cochran, Barbara Hill and Jean Stuart. The children are Master Peter and Miss Prim Rollo, Master Tony Watson Gandy and Master Tom Hohler

sensational ladies of the nineteenth century. She had married the Comte de Talleyrand-Perigord, nephew of that famous turncoat, wit and diplomatist, the Duke de Talleyrand, who had once been a Bishop but forswore his ecclesiastical vows for diplomacy. The Comtesse preferred the uncle to the nephew, and made no secret of the preference, throwing in her lot with the astute and wicked old diplomatist, and living with him until he died.

After his death she went to Sagan, where she was in those days actually a sovereign princess. But after the brilliance of Vienna and Paris, she soon wearied of her dull little capital, so settled in Berlin, where the house in which she lived is now the abode of the Embassy from Soviet Russia.

Then she fell in love with Prince Lichnowsky, an immediate forbear of

THE HON. WILFRED EGERTON WITH HIS WIFE AND BROTHER, THE HON. FRANCIS EGERTON

Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador here at the outbreak of the War. That Prince Lichnowsky had the reputation of being the handsomest man in Europe. A son was born of the *liaison*, and when his mother died of a broken heart because Lichnowsky deserted her, she left him Sagan and its title.

This Prince de Sagan was a familiar figure in the restaurant life of Paris, and also in Society. When he died, his kinsman through his mother, the present Duke de Talleyrand-Perigord, inherited the principality and the title—hence the stipulation that the title cannot be used by the purchaser during the Duke's lifetime. It is an odd story, and I wonder whether the German Government will allow the sale of these three hundred and sixty square miles to a foreigner—an American millionaire, for instance.

The Swaythling Silver

SPEAKING of sales, big crowds of old silver lovers will be attracted to Christie's next week when the Swaythling

LORD DUNMORE AND LORD ILCHESTER

The Easter Exodus to Le Touquet—Some Cross-Channel Snapshots

silver will be put up for sale. The collection is familiar to everybody keenly interested in silver because it has been lent to the Victoria and Albert Museum for many years past, but the question of prices is already rousing tremendous interest.

The collection was made by the late Lord Swaythling, and contains a hundred and thirty-four pieces, each one of which is a perfect example of its kind and period. It will be interesting to see how much of the collection will remain in England, and how much will go to America. The greater "much" I fear, will cross the Atlantic.

Her Mistake

AT the beginning of the hunting season which is just over, a lady advertised for a groom. She had many applications.

MRS. CORY WRIGHT AND MISS FARQUHARSON

Photographs *Topical*

MR. ASHE, MISS A. ASHE, AND MISS RODGERS ON THE LINKS

Photograph *Topical*

STANDING ROOM ONLY!

A crowded corner of the members' stand at the Herefordshire Steeplechases, held on the Hereford Racecourse last week

Two mornings after the advertisement appeared she was very busy with her maid about dressmaking affairs, when a new and young footman came to her room and told her that another applicant for the groom's place was below stairs.

One of the children was ill. The nurse attending the case happened to be in the lady's room.

"Nurse," said the lady, "would you mind going down to see this man. I'm so frightfully busy. Just ask his age and the weight he rides, and the name and address of his last employer. But tell him I've practically decided to engage a man who came yesterday."

The nurse descended to the hall, where the applicant was waiting.

"I'm afraid you've left it too late, my man," she said. "It's two days since the advertisement appeared and her ladyship has practically decided on a groom."

The man stammered out something, but the nurse, full of importance in her unaccustomed mission, paid no attention to what he said. Taking out pencil and notebook, she went on:

"If you will give me your age, the weight you ride, and the name and address of your last employer, her ladyship will communicate with you if she is not suited. She is too busy to see you now."

The man took out a card.

"If you will give that to Lady ————," he said, "I think she will see me."

The nurse looked at the card, and gasped as she read, "Earl of ————." She was speechless.

"Never mind," came the comforting assurance, "Such lots of people take me for a groom. I'm quite used to it. Lady ———— is my cousin!"

An Ex-Imperial Milliner

REPORT has it that the German ex-Crown Princess, finding the family means seriously straitened since her husband's return from exile in Holland, is about to open a hat shop in Berlin. The same report says that she has taken this step because she finds a rush of customers amongst Americans for the hats she has already been selling privately. In the meantime her mother, the Grand-Duchess Anastasie of Mecklenburg-Schwarin seems to be able to rub along fairly comfortably in a villa on the Riviera.

The ex-Imperial hats will certainly not be visions of German "frightfulness."

Photograph *Central Press*

BUNTY PULLS IT OFF AGAIN

Miss Kitty Price and "Bunty," who pulled off three prizes (including the Leconfield Hunt Challenge Cup) in fine style at the Risborough and Loxwood Gymkhana Club meeting at Wisborough Green, Sussex

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

THE WALKADAY WORLD

The Countess of Brecknock (Lord Camden's daughter-in-law) and Mrs. Charles Mills at the Eridge Steeplechases at Steel Bridge Farm, Eridge

The ex-Crown Princess has exquisite taste and before the *débâcle* was the best-dressed woman at her father-in-law's Court.

"Such is my Sanctity"

How is this for cynicism? There is an Eastern ruler under British protection, who is regarded as a sacred and holy person by his several millions of Mohammedan subjects. He is very fond of champagne. During a visit to an English country house his host ventured to say, "I always thought your religion forbade the drinking of wine or alcohol."

"That is quite correct," replied the Eastern ruler.

"Then if it is forbidden——" the host begun, looking at the brimming glass of "bubbly" in the potentate's hand.

"Ah, my friend," interrupted the ruler, "You do not understand. Such is my sanctity that directly this champagne enters my mouth it turns to water."

Duse

The news of the passing of Eleonora Duse whose death away from her own people is symbolical of her tragic life recalls to my mind the only occasion on which I met the great Italian actress.

I was taken to see the Duse at her little *appartement* in Venice where she lived for some years after what she meant to be her final retirement from the stage. She only came back because the War swept away nearly all her investments.

Life had held great triumphs for Duse, but also it had held bitter tragedy. The marks of that tragedy were scored deep about her eyes. In the hour's talk I had with her, there was not a word about herself, not a word of unkindly criticism of other actors or actresses. I remember she said that no emotion could be simulated on the stage—that is, simulated successfully—unless the player had experienced that emotion in his or her own life, an opinion with which I did not agree.

Those of you who saw Duse on the stage will remember her exquisite hands and how they expressed her every feeling. Sitting opposite to her in her shaded Venetian *salone*—where a wood-fire was burning although it was a warm day—I was fascinated by her hands. Their every movement fitted in exactly with what she was saying. They were perfectly shaped. I do not think she realised she moved them. They seemed to work with her thoughts.

She was a great woman, but you felt when you were with her that she herself was unconscious of that greatness.

Photograph *Day and Thomson*

A PICTORIAL NOTE FROM THE COURSE

A photograph from that popular Mecca of good golfers, Berwick, showing Lord Kerry (left), Mr. Herbert Hope, and Lady Kerry. Lord Kerry, who is the eldest son of the Marquess of Lansdowne, served during the early years of the War in the Irish Guards

The Farmer's Hope

A FRIEND of mine, looking through some old family papers, found the following little story in a letter written by his father, a country squire, to his mother some fifty years ago. "It has tickled me enormously," he writes, "and perhaps you may care to pass it on to your BYSTANDER readers."

One of the tenants, a small farmer, had lost his wife, so in the absence of the lady of the manor the squire went to condole with the bereaved husband, ending up his words of sympathy with, "These blows are hard to bear, but they are the will of Providence."

"Aye, sir, that there Providence," replied the farmer, angrily, "The year afore last it blighted me potatoes, last year it washed away me hay. An' this year it's taken my wife! But there's One above who'll soon put a stopper on it!"

Photograph] **A "MAJORITY" CELEBRATION** *[Central News*

Members of the house-party at the recent coming-of-age celebrations of the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale, the heir of the Duke of Hamilton. The group shows (back row): Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, Lieut.-Col. J. Macrae-Gilstrap, Miss Darell, Lady Jean Douglas-Hamilton, Rev. J. Rossie Brown, Mr. Morse, Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton and Miss F. Poore. (Seated): Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton, the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale and the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton. (In front): Lady Mairi Douglas-Hamilton

Sea Shanties

THERE is an interesting point in connection with the old sea shanties which Mr. John Goss and the Westminster Cathedral Quartette are rendering at the Coliseum this week. The word for these old songs of the windjammer days is frequently written as "chanty," due, according to Sir Richard Terry, the organist of Westminster Cathedral, to a wrong idea of its derivation from the French verb *chanter*. Actually the word derives from our own "shanty"—meaning a hut. It is of West Indian origin (so says this same authority) taken from the act of moving the native wooden huts, which were shifted to the new spot chosen by hand traction, to the tune of a good song and a chorus of the "pull and haul" type. Whatever be the origin of the word, there is no doubt about the excellence of the performance, which is well worth a visit.

Photographs of the opening of the British Empire Exhibition will be found on pp. 316—319

From Our Portrait Gallery

Photograph *Vevonde*

THE HON. LADY GRIGG

Who gave birth to a son and heir a fortnight ago. Before her marriage to Sir Edward Grigg, M.P., last year, Lady Grigg was the Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder, Lord Islington's only daughter

PARISIANA. By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Les jupes et les manches raccourcissent"

MES AMIS—

WE did our best. We all began the month by announcing in unison, "Mignon, *voici Avril.*" But Mignon does not seem to have done her part. Perhaps Mignon is not hearing well these days. One prays that she will not fail to catch the note, when we now chorus much more vigorously, "*Mignon, voici la fin d'Avril,*" for we have had more than enough. The month of the *poisson* has been a month for the *poissons*, and Mignon has not been at all *mignon*. If the month of May does not sustain its rhyme of *joli mois de mai*, we shall be very rude to the poets.

HOW we long for the time when *les jupes et les manches raccourcissent à mesure que les jours allongent*, and when the *midinettes*, to the delight of their friends, the sparrows, shall have resumed their custom to take their *dinettes* in the Tuileries. Then shall we feel that we have finally bade farewell to a winter that has distinguished itself unduly by paying an unconscionable number of return visits, after greatly outstaying its original welcome. The great dread is that it may call back again during the period of the Olympic Games, for it is well-nigh certain that scores of improvident people will have to sleep *sous les ponts*, and if the bridges should be damp as well as draughty they will be most uncomfortable, to say the least.

IF it is perhaps too much to blame the Olympic Games for the weather, they have certainly been responsible for many other peculiarities, of which the latest is that Sacha Guitry is preparing a *revue* for one of the theatres of the family. Sacha as a competitor with the Folies-Bergère and the Casino de Paris brings a shock that can only be affronted with the aid of several cocktails. One feels sure that it will be an excellent *revue*, for there is nothing that Sacha Guitry touches without doing well—probably it will be several cubits higher in standard than anything that has been done by Leon Volterra or M. Lemarchand, especially on the side of *esprit*—and yet it does not seem to ring pleasantly in one's ears. Sacha has explained that he is doing it because there will be 200,000 foreigners in Paris who will not understand French. That is a revelation, anyhow, that he does not favour the translation of his plays into English.

I WISH to make an *amende* to Mr. Wythe Williams of the First National Pictures. A week or two ago I spoke of the lack of enterprise among film producers in not utilising the obvious talents of their publicity agents for the invention of strong plots. As these gentlemen have to produce "stories" that will get past sceptical journalists, it seemed that it should be easy for them to evolve picture plays that would be to the taste of the less cynical public. My mistake, according to Mr. Williams, lies in the modesty of the publicity agents in regard to a side of the business where there is no necessity to blow mightily on the big trumpet. They do conceive quite a number of plots which get to the reeling stage, but it is done in a "hush-hush" atmosphere. Having a great esteem for the imaginative capacity of Wythe, I am anxious to discover his *nom-de-plume* as a "plotter."

APROPOS of "publicity," I have just received a note from Mr. Thomas Fielden the English pianist, who has deservedly earned very considerable success on what I think is his first visit to Paris. I gather from Mr. Fielden's letter that he lost his breath amidst the swiftness of publicity efforts in

(*Continued on page 298*)

"The midinettes and their friends the sparrows"

Putting the Leap in "Leap Year"

A graceful photograph of Miss Eve Lynn, who appears as "New Zealand" in the effective tableau, "Emblems of the Dominions" in "Leap Year" at the Hippodrome

PARISIANA (concluded)

Paris, which makes me wonder if we are jumping ahead of London. He tells me he had scarcely set foot in the capital before an enterprising photographer sought permission to take his photograph, which, naturally, staggered Mr. Fielden.

I HAVE no intention of advertising this photographer by mentioning his name, but I have long given him credit for being exceptionally alert. He swoops down upon a suitable subject *in advance* of success, and when other photographers come along *after* that success they find he is already on the market. It is unnecessary for me to say anything about Mr. Fielden's playing, which I so much enjoyed at the Salle Pleyel, as you must be already acquainted with its brilliant qualities, but I can say that he made a big impression on local critics, who affirm that he at once established his right to rank among the great virtuosi.

SOMEBODY started a story that the old *Rat Mort*, one of the few French *dancings* in Montmartre, was dying (no pun intended), so, after a *diner-dansant* at the Hotel Palais d'Orsay, we decided to investigate *sur place*. There was no sign of any fatal malady about the "Dead Rat," or of any malady at all, and as this was one of the slack nights of the week, a Wednesday, I take it the rumour has no relation to fact.

"The wearing of the beauty spot"

THEY were still handing out the old blue and white sailor hats with the cheery red pom-pom, and everybody was as merry as could be within the limits of Wednesday respectability. It is a pity there is no room to extend the dancing space, for one has the impression of dancing in a corridor, and not a long corridor at that. However, if there is pressure on the floor-space, there is also compression of the champagne prices, which is some compensation. I have never been able to understand why there should be a disparity of as much as forty francs a bottle for the same brand of champagne in Montmartre establishments which are but a few yards apart, and which compete all for the same class of night-revellers.

IT seems that Dr. Voronoff has used up all the monkeys, or has caused the price to bound up so dizzily that the *chic* people have to leave monkey fur to the *nouveaux riches*. Those *élégantes* who must have novelties have, therefore, turned to the serpent. It sounds rather horrid and unpromising, but as a fact cobra skin comes out rather well as a decorative effect for a hat, and it provides the opportunity for the revenge of Eve, who has at last got the skin of the tempter. Another new fashion concerns the wearing of the "beauty spot," which is being tried in new places, all of them intended to be more *provoquant*.

THAT disappearing habit, to which I have formerly alluded, shows a tendency to develop to the chronic stage. The adventures of the two novelists have apparently made an appeal to many minor people, and disappearing, as a fashionable pastime, threatens to supplant fashionable complaints or even shingling. A bridegroom of three days is the latest exponent of the ambulatory pastime.

AFTER dinner-time he said to his wife, "I am just going out to get a packet of cigarettes." When he failed to return, after a couple of hours, his wife had search parties organised, but there was no trace of the young husband. Yet twenty-four hours after he went out he returned, a packet of cigarettes in his hand, and the time of his arrival coincided almost to the minute with the time he should have been back, after his purchase, on the previous day. He could not remember a single thing of what happened to him in the interval. In the words of the popular French song, "*C'est jeune et ça ne sais pas.*"

RENÉ

"Scores of improvident people will have to sleep sous les ponts"

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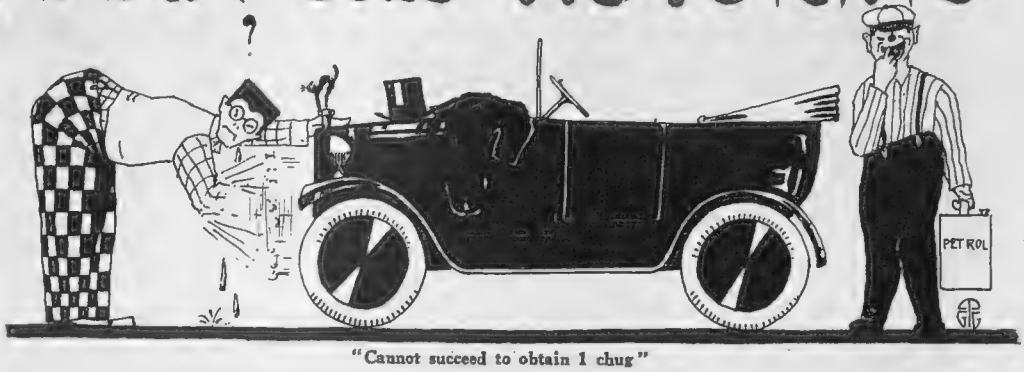
YOGO HAMA GOES MOTORING



"Cannot succeed to obtain 1 chug"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

I SHALL not depict any studious commentings this week to date, but inform you of the moting holiday to the Cornwalls Riviera with Hon. friend who I do not any longer think him to be. Perhapsly this shall be goodish warning to persons who possess moting friends, so that it shall save them from violent catastrophics and other shocks. This are very saddish and moral story, so kindly to imprint same in superior types at your respectful conveniences. Now I shall depict it as follows.

Hon. aforesaidly moting friend seek my accompaniences with him to make holiday trippings in his *h.p.* car. "Let us mote to the Cornwalls Riviera to observe the palms, orange blossoms and other hectic foliages burst into blooms," he declam. "Let us blow the dusts of the metropole off our hoofs and return chock with ozones, good feeding appetites and suchly rural blessings." "Indeedly yes," I resump gladishly, "we shall be pump full of maritime breezes and other sanitary airs as you prognose. We shall gather ourselves nose and other gays, dance hornpips and be very rustical."

"I experience many terrific bumpings"

At *a.m.* in the morning I meet Hon. friend at car deposit. "You shall wind her up, Yogo, while I consider the intellectual details," he inform. "All rightish ho," I pronounce vernacularly and perform the handle with stupendous gusto. I continue thusly for 5 or 9 minutes, but do not acquire any chugs or other mechanical revolutions. I divest my coat and hat for better energetics, but continue to attain entire non-results. "This are very dam contraption!" I explode. "I have expend all my residues of winds, yet cannot succeed to obtain 1 chug or other recognitions." Hon. friend place his head inside the mechanicals, but cannot smell a rat. "This are very sanguine business!" he depop. "I shall produce a mechanical person to make the diagnosis of this non-success. Kindly to resume your windings during my interim." I divest myself some more garments and make rapid revolutions as per heretoforely and achieve O as before, so that I declam non-polite words and other sinful ejacules which I must not blush to repeat.

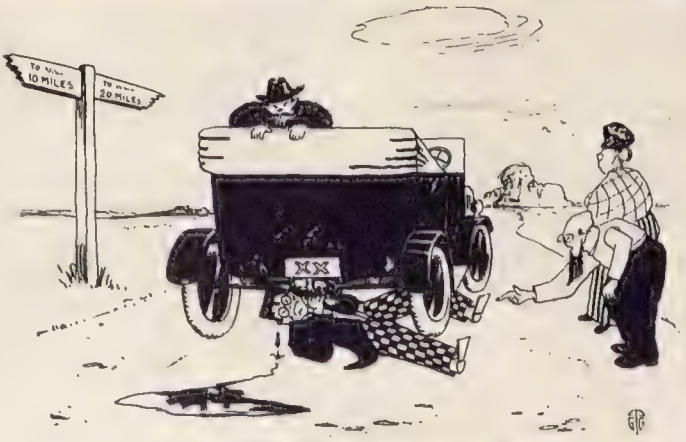
The mechanical person arrives to the scene, seizes Hon. handle and turns him with great beans, only to score a complete nil. Then he address Hon. car as non-legitimate, which cannot be because it are made and not born with parents. Suddenly he breaks into loud guffers, so that I think he must have develop insanities of the brain. Then he departs to return himself with vessel of petrol fluid. "How can anticipate blighter to propel himself if devoid of petrol?" he ask to know. Hon. friend and self mount the car and soar forth at very terrific speeds so that my heart leaps to its boots.

"Should it not be a polite discretion to non-accelerate somewhatly?" I suggest when we have made lightning traverse of considerable miles. "I experience many terrific bumpings and other incommodes." "That are deucish easy to expound, but kindly to demonstrate how to achieve this end," Hon. friend hollow, "Alreadily I have turn all the taps, yet cannot diminish the velocities." "Constrain to renew your endeavours, otherwisely we shall be ancestors before acquiring venerable ages," I beseek. Hon. friend gripples some handles and achieves a non-premediate effect. Hon. car with great suddenness makes to stand still, so that Hon. friend and self suffer an immediate ejectment with great velocities to impinge the terra firma with grave percussions. When I have finish observations of solor constellations and other fiery astrals, I stagger to my pins to collect my whereabouts, and Hon. friend makes to perform similar evolutions. "This are very dreadful earthquaking or other volcanical, Yogo," he pronounce, "Are you completely entire?" "I have not yetly made the inventory, but I think I have not any missing parts," I rejoint. Then we gaze to the landscapes and discover that it has not suffer convulsions or suchly spasms, but are very calm as hithertoly. "See, Yogo, the cows and other mammals continue to placidly browse the herbals and chew

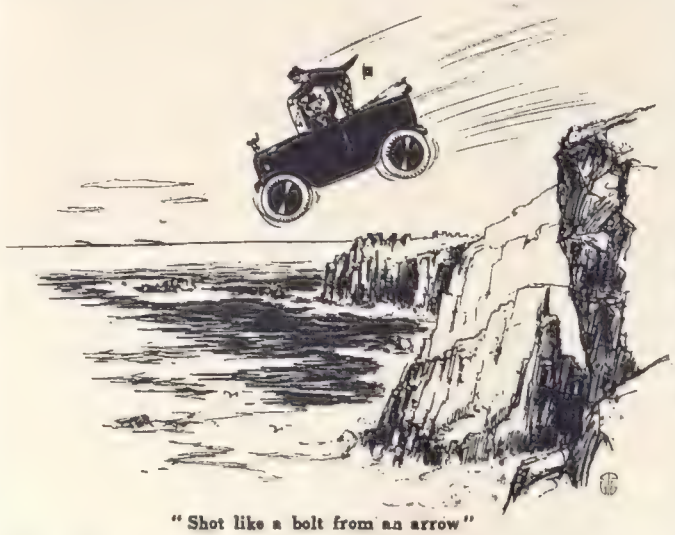
"Suffer an immediate ejectment with great velocities"

the cubs. How can this be?" Hon. friend require. "I have not the conundrum genius, so shall not shoot a guess," I respons. "Howeverly, I observe Hon. car in stationary attitudes, so let us rebark."

We return to the car, Hon. friend makes to wind the handle, but there is no bark. He winds some more and issues so non-ecclesiastical commentings that I place my ears beneath a cushion that I shall not hear this so non-legal profanes. "Kindly to cork these so secular vocabulars. Consider if the tender lambs and other sucklings should hear your ejacules, they would lose their innocents and grow into muttons before their years," I remons. "When you are finish talking into Hon. hat, perhaps you should crawl under the car to ascertain cause of stoppage, if any," he repart savagely. I dive myself under surface of Hon. car and gaze at her internal mechanics, but cannot depict any deficits or other cogs. The oil makes a trickle into my mouth and I acquire a ½ or a pint internally of a non-pleasing flavour. I remain thusly till I cannot imbibe any more oil without suffering impolite pains and effects. "Kindly to permit I should return to upper atmospheres, otherwise I shall enjoy severish qualms;" I hollow.



"I dive myself under surface of Hon. car"



"Shot like a bolt from an arrow"

"Pray to impardon my so forgetfulness, I have omit to recollect your whereabouts," Hon. friend repart. "Also I have made some discovery." "How of so?" I interrog. "It are quite simple, I did not think to open the throttle," he inform. "Let us resume our flights and retrieve some lost times." We made the start and achieved so stupendous velocities, that I think we must have recover not only our lost times, but entered to-morrow or perhapsly the day after. "If we continue these speeds we shall soonly reach Landsend." Hon. friend inform. "Then I shall exhibit you a great spectacular of rocks, crabs and other abbesses." That was exceedingly so, because when we arrive at this Landsend, Hon. friend could not succeed to stop Hon. car and we shot like a bolt from the arrow entirely off the terra firma and soared into the watery Transatlantic. Very gallant marine persons bounced to our rescues and saved us from this liquid internments.

I do not think I very greatly adore this moting pleasure, which does not appear all it are cracked to be. No indeedly, I bemoan, I shall perform my nextly holiday in a horse cab or other non-speed vehicle which shall not make me drink oil, or propel me into British or other waters.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that you continue to suffer very superior healths, by luckish chances I still remain,

Yogo Hama

By Graham Simmons

SAFETY FIRST

He (*teaching her to drive*): "This controls the brake, and is put on very quickly in case of an emergency"

She: "Oh, I see, something like a kimono"

BY HIGGINS

WHO WON THE GAME?

SPRING TIME ON T

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

THE BOULEVARDS

That Fellow Feeling

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

No. V.—THE WATER-SPANIEL AS SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR AT THE R.A.C.

(N.B.—The figure in the water is "Master")

The Errant Golfer in Scotland

By Dell Leigh

No. 3. The Real Seaside Stuff

ILLUSTRATED BY CUNINGHAM

Some personage said once, "One of the best things in London is King's Cross Station at night, with breakfast at Perth or some other place in the Highlands in the morning." He knew a thing or two, this man. But you can do even better. You can breakfast at Aberdeen, where, incidentally, you can get the best breakfast in Scotland, in the dining-room at the station, and you can be on the first tee at Cruden Bay at 9.45 a.m.

When your train leaves Aberdeen you appear also to be leaving civilisation, the country from the carriage windows gets more wild and desolate each minute. Surely you must be in the wrong train—there can't be a *de luxe* hotel up in this part of the world? But there is. Cruden Bay station seems a little nondescript sort of place, pointless, a receptacle for empty milk cans merely. And when you ask where the station fly is, a Gaelic-speaking gentleman in a red coat points tersely towards a derelict sort of tram on rails. Heavens! what is the idea? The idea is that the hotel, now looming large ahead of you, has its own little line of rails between itself and the station, and the tram clangs you up to the hotel door at their expense, not yours!

And what a transformation this is! They have built an hotel here because of the natural golf course, not the other way about, as is so often the case with us down South. The course is Nature at her best. And the hotel is efficiency at its highest—and there you have it all.

No wonder people come here year after year. I wish I could. It is just golf, and peace, and more golf, and a greater peace following that, and bed—and more golf in the morning.

Cruden Bay steals a march over artificial summertime, and the legislation of man, and things of that sort, by keeping its daylight apart from any clock in the summer, until 11 p.m. You can play golf with perfect comfort until 10 p.m. if you are so minded (and some men have got it as badly as that), and to this is added the delectable fact that from 6 to 10 in the evening there is never a breath of wind. In other words, this is the time, after an hilarious tea when the heavy betting four-ball foursomes get busy with "bisques" and "whoofs," and what-nots.

By the way, a "whoof" is a fearsome affair. I know some men who go in for these sort of games (generally after lunch) with a babyish glee. Personally, it never appeals to me to have an opponent who is at liberty to cry "whoof," barking like a dog, just as I am coming down on my swing. But some people don't mind. A man, in my opinion, who can whoof you off your shot say three times during the round, unexpectedly, is getting the equivalent of a stroke a hole. Anyway, it causes merriment, and adds to the risks of the round, seemingly. As if the average game had not enough already!

But let us get back to the day, it is more exciting! I am writing this at sunset on the 3rd of April at an open window with nothing between me and the coast of Norway, except the delicious green links upon which I have battled with consummate judgment (h'm!) all day; biscuit-coloured bunkers, the lip-lopping, lazy sea, pricked here and there with a black ship or two, and a thin wraith of oyster-grey smoke, and a conflagration of sun which is blinding everything it touches in a last angry glare. A syren at sea hoots nervously for its pilot, rooks caw in Slains Castle—and the day, so well spent, is done. An added, unctuous joy after a day like this is to hear, as I have just done, by telephone from London, that they are all curled up and dithering under a "bitter" (their expression, not mine) north-east wind! You will observe that the disease of golf makes a man oblivious of other people's woes if he has played a couple of respectable rounds upon a type of course which good fortune seldom offers him, he being a wretched Londoner who plays mostly upon clay.

You, who don't know Cruden Bay, come with me with an imaginary bag

"No wonder people come here year after year—I wish I could"

of clubs over a hole or two. The mere recital of holes "by numbers" as the Sergeant-Major used to roar at us, is a boring business unless you are on the spot. But take one, the 4th. You come upon it suddenly round the corner of nowhere. It lies alongside the little fishing village of Port Erroll. A perfect stillness reigns as you regard it open mouthed. 143 yards merely. But the green sits up ahead waiting for the light iron or jigger to smack the ball upon it. Beyond is the sapphire sea. To the right yellow heaps of gorse. To the left, and below, the tiny harbour with the slow-moving fisher folk gazing up smilingly from their cottage doors. Absolutely natural is the terrain, not tinkered with by man, but supreme in the solitude and GOLF as golf should be. Get a 2 here and you will refer to it time and again to the boredom of the general public. Make a mess of it (very easy to do) and your regret will be coupled with shame that so divine a hole should have been destroyed by your erring iron.

"To the annoyance of your pagan opponent

Another, the 8th, in a valley between stately hills, 255 yards. The hole which reduces the long-hitter to a frenzy of self-adulation. A perfect hole, and if perfectly played—well you really *are* a golfer, whatever that horrible fellow Higgins may say about it.

The 14th, literally all along the sea shore, where the children are bathing. The sands here are almost as hard as macadam to walk on, only smoother. You don't get "that sinking feeling" so prevalent in our "South Coast watering-places." A golf ball sliced here will bounce high and show itself; whereas courses I know in England when one does this—but no matter.

The Amateur Tournament here in July is their big meeting, to which come the gamblers and the sweepstake *savants*. Amateurs, greatly daring, or greatly gifted, collect in the purlieus of the hotel where drinks are. Round them gather mediocre men, not playing, but anxious to improve the shining hour financially, and men are bought and sold as in a Roman market-place. Hither came, upon a day, an unknown man, left-handed, and though playing off scratch discounted, by virtue of the other Presences with known prowess. Moreover, he was not popular for other reasons. Consequently when the bidding began he was knocked down for a paltry ten shillings to a nervous little man in a far corner. As he became eventually the runner-up to the winner, the little quiet spectator, who must have had a large tongue in a small cheek, went home next day with fifty of the best. These things never happen to me. I never know enough—do you?

CRUDEN BAY GOLF COURSE: THE 8TH GREEN FROM THE HILL

Personalities from "Le Pays Basque"

Photograph *Central Press*

SITTING SHOTS

Monsieur Iribarnegarez, Mrs. Wessel, Lady Hambro and Captain F. F. Wessel on the Golf Links at Biarritz

Photograph *L. N. A.*

AT A BIARRITZ MEET

Miss Jean Combe, Miss Baird, Sir Basil Montgomery, Mrs. Verney and Lady Jane Combe

Photograph *Central Press*

Miss C. Dormer and Miss H. Gevers—a net result of the camera-man's visit to the Biarritz lawn tennis courts

Photograph *L. N. A.*

Lady Neumann (left) with her two daughters, and Lady Jessel——and a "Hail, Smiling Morn" effect that the bright sunshine of Biarritz always brings

Photograph *L. N. A.*

Miss D. Hoare, who has recently become engaged to Major the Hon. Francis Crossley, discussing *the* topic of the day with a friend

SOME PLEASANT PEOPLE ONE MEETS IN A PLEASANT PLACE

SAINT JOAN

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

Produced on March 26, 1924.

MR. BERNARD SHAW, like a sensible man, writes his own criticism of his play beforehand, and incorporates it in the programme so that the other critics shall have no excuse for going wrong. Mr. Shaw is here at no time dogmatic. He follows the good old rule that men should be taught as though they had forgot; but at the same time he makes it clear that he is speaking from the Chair. His conception of Saint Joan may differ from that of other people; but when an author has practically lived with his heroine for some months (*Honi soit, etc.*), he must obviously be more of an authority upon her eccentricities than the mere outsider who has had hurriedly to refresh an indifferent memory with the help of a reference library and the Saints' Calendar. There are moments in this entertainment when the proceedings resemble a playful cross between a service in church and a curtain-lecture; but as everyone knows, Mr. Shaw can never quite rid himself of the conviction that the time is out of joint, and that, like Hamlet, he was born to set it right. But after charitable allowance has been made for this amiable kink in his mentality, the one fact that stands out here is that Mr. Shaw has written a noble and inspiring play that gives added distinction to the British stage.

THE story is developed on the lines with which all are familiar. Joan, obsessed by her Voices and Visions, pleads to be taken to the Dauphin and given men and arms so that she may raise the siege of Orleans. The project seems, naturally enough, to be mere madness in the view of the hardened soldiers, though, as one of them says, when you consider what a hash the sane have made of the world, it seems only fair to give the mad a chance to see what they can do. It so happens that we have now had the mad in the saddle for quite a while, and most people seem to be longing quite acutely for the return of the sane. Joan duly raises the siege of Orleans according to contract, and makes herself generally objectionable to the English invaders, with such success that it becomes clear that she must be dealt with very firmly indeed.

HER fate is decided in the Earl of Warwick's tent in the English camp. The Earl (Mr. E. Lyall Swete) and the Bishop of Beauvais (Mr. Eugene Leahy) agree between them that Joan must be captured and brought to trial for heresy. She heard Voices from heaven, and instead of asking her priest to explain the phenomenon, she translated the Voices herself, and got the right answer, first time. If she should be found guilty, she will, of course, be condemned to death; but if she should prove to be innocent, and should be discharged, the Earl of Warwick will be waiting outside for her with a spiked club, or something of that sort, so that her number will be up in any case. Incidentally, part of the background of the tent is a banner with the heraldic device at intervals of a muzzled bear walking on his hind feet. It seems to me that whether the device be historically correct or not it must have required some courage to exhibit so obvious a suggestion of the popular Felix and his record for continuous ambulation.

SYBIL THORNDIKE AS JOAN.

THE great scene of the play represents the trial of Joan before the Holy Inquisitor. This part is played with delightful urbanity by Mr. O. B. Clarence, who must be the mildest mannered creature that ever did a fellow-creature to death. The Inquisitor, in fact, displays an almost paternal solicitude lest Joan should say anything that can be taken down and afterwards used in evidence against her. Mr. Clarence gives one the impression that if he had to break a heretic on the wheel, he would turn the handle in the gentlest manner possible, and be profuse in his regrets that the performance of his simple duty should be causing so much inconvenience to a brother man. There is a rather lengthy exposition of the essence of heresy which is spoken very beautifully and with proper dignity by Mr. Clarence in the soft conversational tones of a Judge at the Old Bailey. The language of this scene is of lofty and stately excellence. Mr. Shaw writes with a surprising sincerity and depth of feeling, so that his work might almost be that of a new convert to the Church fired by the traditional ardour of the neophite.

THE Dauphin is represented with singular ability by Mr. Ernest Thesiger. On his first appearance his taste in headgear is sinfully suggestive of the Mad Hatter of Alice's world; but as the Dauphin is not an heroic figure, and we have got to smile at him anyway, one defect more or less in his appearance does not matter. Mr. Shaw's version of the Dauphin's character is new to me; but here again I defer to the Chair. It may even be history that the Constable of France on one occasion aims a straight left at the Dauphin's chin, and though the blow is adroitly dodged, one cannot help thinking that both parties to this fistic little argument would make quite up-to-date M.P.'s in our own time. There are the usual gibes at the English, which are in Mr. Shaw's less responsible vein. The Dauphin wants to end the war not by a conclusive victory, but by means of a—Treaty. The English, he protests, always win wars, but lose Treaties. This is a "nasty one" for some of our Heaven-sent politicians, and the topical jest is cordially appreciated.

THE only comic character of any importance in the play is an English chaplain, admirably played by Mr. Lewis Casson. The chaplain is so very English that his principal grievance against Joan is her claim to have heard and understood heavenly Voices. If the angels had a message to give, it is obvious that they would speak it in English, and not in French. This is, as most people are aware, a characteristic jest of our childhood which has survived probably because it contains more than a grain of truth. Miss Sybil Thorndike is, of course, above criticism as Saint Joan. For the most part she plays with the light humour of a high-spirited country wench; but in the trial scene she turns with a strange ease from banter and sarcasm to a quiet manifestation of spiritual conviction that is impressive to a degree. Her confessor, Brother Martin, is played with great understanding by Mr. Lawrence Anderson. During the trial he appeals to Joan in the gentle and sympathetic tones of a new curate just down from Oxford, that she will leave off being so saucy to the Bench and the Prosecution, and will reconsider some of her rash claims; and it is he who finally persuades her to make her temporary recantation. Somehow, one believed in that chap.

AFTER we have caught a fleeting view of a distant bonfire with the horror that it implies, we are treated to an Epilogue. This is dated some twenty-five years after the burning of Joan, and relates to the proceedings by which it was declared that Joan had been wrongly condemned. The shades of her accusers meet the shade of Joan in King Charles's bedroom, and confess that they were wrong in conniving at her burning. Still, as Joan says in effect, their apologies will not unburn her, so that as far as she is concerned they don't amount to much. Among the shades that return for a while to the scene of their earthly activities is that of an English soldier who frankly admits that he is at present domiciled in Hell. But because he gave the dying Joan a rough cross made of two sticks, when all other crucifixes had been denied her, he has his day out a month as a reward. Asked what it is like in Hell, he says you have the feeling of being in a constant state of intoxication without the trouble and expense of the usual moist accessories. It used to be said that all good Americans, when they die, go to Paris; thirsty Americans, at least, know where they can go to now.

IN his criticism of the play Mr. Shaw holds that the Epilogue is necessary in order to affirm the moral of the story, but its chief use seems to be that it gives him a first-class excuse for nagging the public in his usual vein. We are to learn to respect the memory of noble characters like Joan, who have been sinfully neglected by us; and the play ends with the stock phrase of the average social reformer, "How long, O Lord, how long?" The idea appears to be that because Heaven cannot see eye to eye with over-positive demagogues, it is not giving proper attention to the things that matter. Carlyle once said that he thought that God must sometimes laugh now and then at the presumption of those who do not hesitate to point out what He ought to do; and it may well be so. On the other hand, it has to be admitted that Mr. Shaw has a great personality, and he very properly claims the right to express himself in his own way, and to be heard with respect. I do not doubt that this right will be readily conceded in the case of *Saint Joan*, which is a work of art of which our stage may well be proud in this famous year when London is calling to the peoples of the whole world.

JINGLE

Motley Musings

THE POETS AT WEMBLEY

"Oh, wonderful, wonderful and most wonderful . . . and after that, out of all whooping."—*As You Like It.*

"It's clever, but is it Art?"—*Kipling.*

"Are things what they seem? Or is visions about?"—*Bret Harte.*

"Even our sports are dangers."—*Ben Jonson.*

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!"—*Cowper.*

"Well, you *would* come!"—*Anon.*

. . . . .

AT the Exhibition, those picturesque warriors from West Africa, complete with head-dress and knob kerries, certainly look most clubbable fellows.

. . . . .

THE dispute as to the rights and wrongs of landlord and tenant still continues. It is timely, however, to remember that occasionally the victim is the one who wants to evict him.

. . . . .

AMERICAN visitors continue to crowd into our hotels. At certain of the latter it is said to be quite the exception to hear a word of English spoken.

In thousands they come trekking,
Far from their own home land;
Observe them rubber-necking,
Adown our choral Strand:
With guide-books watch 'em wrestle;
Hear Poppa chewing gum!
From Carlton, Ritz or Cecil,
The "Cri" is still, "They come!"

THE Soviet delegates, now over here, seem to be very keen on making speeches. Fortunately, we are able to take them as red.

. . . . .

MISS MARGARET NAYLOR, the only lady diver, is busy attempting to salve the wreck of a galleon lost in Tobermory Bay. References to her predecessor, Lady Godiva, would be out of place.

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WE read that at a recent meeting of the Southampton shipyard strikers hymns were vigorously sung. We hope they did not omit, "Now the labourer's task is o'er."

. . . . .

GLASS wigs, executed in various colours, are said to be now fashionable with ladies. We trust they will not cast reflections on their wearers.

. . . . .

LADY DIANA DUFF COOPER is said to be very reticent when asked by interviewers for her opinions on things American. She would seem to be following the old motto, "Never say, Di."

. . . . .

WRITING to us about the Derby, a correspondent suggests that Tom may not be such a Pinch as some people think.

. . . . .

HE had fallen from the fourth floor, and the question was whether he had been in his sound mind. His cook, who had been looking out of the basement window at the time, was able to settle the matter. "As 'e passed my window," she told the coroner, "I 'eard 'im say, 'Now for the bally bump'!"

. . . . .

A ZUMMERSET centenarian ascribes his longevity to "drinking beer and plenty of it, in spite of the pazon."

Though pazon say I du be wrong,
Whoy, him, iss fay, I snap my thumb at;
When I've been down or up along,
I've always supped my sup o' summat!

. . . . .

A GENTLEMAN of Russian descent, present at the Copec conferences, declared he wouldn't give a kopeck for them.

. . . . .

JOAN was in a taxi with her mother and trying to balance her pocket money. "You should have carried eight, dear," said her mother, after some arithmetical mistake.

"But, mummy," retorted Joan, "look, it says we're only licensed to carry five!"

. . . . .

A GERMAN chemist who had been worrying over certain chemical formulas has succumbed to an explosion. Apparently, he found the solution of his troubles.

. . . . .

THE local curate had been persuaded to take part in the first cricket match of the season, and appeared at the crease with only one pad, which he wore on his right leg.

"Hullo," said the wicket-keeper, "you've got your pad on the wrong leg."

"Dear me, so I have," remarked the cleric. "But I thought the bowling was from the other end!"

. . . . .

Fair lady, please scorn not my soft request,
But the deep yearning of my soul appease;
Ah, deem not that I ask of thee in jest,
Fare, lady, PLEASE!

HARTLEY CARRICK

By ALFRED LEETE

OUR EMPIRE MAKERS

"Hello, Bill! I ain't seen you lately"
"No. I've bin building Australia"

Knights of the Brush in their War Paint

BY HYNES

THREE CERTAINTIES—AND A DOUBTFUL ONE—FOR THE LISTS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

PEOPLE AT PLAY

THE WIRELESS FAN. By "PENDARVES"

I HAVE not got a wireless set fixed on to my drawing-room for two reasons. Firstly, I can't afford a fool-proof one, and, secondly, because all my friends can, and they supply the gap in life that is faced by every man who cannot listen in from his own armchair.

Another reason is that the moment you indulge in an aerial between your chimneys you become *ipso facto* a wireless fan. I understand the word "fan" is American for fanatic. The most lucid abbreviation in their otherwise obscure language.

The whole country nowadays is crawling with wireless fans. The result is that anyone visiting the house of a fan seldom really *hears* anything on the wireless at all. I dread becoming a fan because I feel that all the money I had spent on crystal sets and accumulators and headphones and dry batteries and hundreds of yards of what they call "flex," would be money chucked away.

However, I ring the changes pretty frequently between the houses of two wireless fans, always hoping that one night I shall hear something distinctly for more than five consecutive minutes. One of these fans is a cousin of mine, a bespectacled, grave electrical engineer of no mean order. He has collected unto himself an "installation," which grows in size and complication week by week. At present it stands on the top of what his wife calls "the glass cupboard" in the library. He and I used to be bosom pals. He hardly ever speaks to me now. I only see him at night, and then he has a machine on his head and he nods to me perfunctorily when I come in, and hands me another machine, saying, unnecessarily loud, for I am not deaf, "Bournemouth—Concert Party," or "Second News Bulletin." He does not offer me a drink even. I suppose there *is* a concert party going on somewhere, because I get occasional snatches of a song some man is singing, which is announced as "Polly-Wolly-Doodle-All-the-Day"—whatever that may mean. One never grasps what Polly is doing, or why, because Harry, charmed, no doubt, with my arrival, begins immediately to improve the wave length. The inevitable result of this, of course, is that instantly you get the combined results of four Thames tugs hooting at one another, coupled with the shrieks of dying men and the death-rattle in their throats. Harry calls this "a bit of oscillation to-night." I should hate to tell you what I call it. I leave his house an hour or so later with a singing in my ears and a great hatred in my heart for the oscillators, buoyed up with the promise that "To-morrow night there really will be a dam-fine programme, ol' man." And to-morrow night is as yesterday and the night before that.

The other fan, Jim, is far worse. There is no sort of excuse for him; none. He hasn't made his set, with deep absorption and cigar-boxes, like Harry has. Jim has bought, and paid for, every known gadget the *Radio Times* advertises. He has got three complete "sets" in his house. One for himself, in the smoking-room cupboard, to which he retires immediately after dinner and is no more seen. One for his wife (who calls herself the Wireless Widow), and one for the children, laid on to the day nursery. Jim hasn't acquired wireless, like Harry has, he has had wireless thrust upon him. His one over-riding passion in life is to get Berlin, Budapest and Paris "on" at one and the same moment. To be able to reach out into the ether and claw in the crackling Morse code of ships talking to each other at sea, in a language none of us can understand, is to him a pure delight. Then his wife, suffering from the same ear-piercing Babel as are we all, steps in and connects up her own set in the bookcase to the loud-speaker, and confusion is worse confounded.

Sometimes, with luck, you have a respite. As for instance, the other night when Jim became engrossed in some innocuous adjustment, we were left alone with unimpaired hearing to a poor man in Glasgow singing a song in which occurred the words, "When it's night time in Italy it's Wednesday over here." I was wondering whether the composer was under proper supervision (and where), and was getting thoroughly intrigued with this masterpiece when we were snatched away with scratchings and hootings by Jim, who cried excitedly, "Here's Amsterdam—h'sh—listen!"

Well, it may have been Dutch, I wouldn't swear it wasn't. But it sounded to me remarkably like the noise cook makes with the nutmeg grater. And in any case it was inconclusive—and we said so. Whereupon Jim, entirely unmoved, replied, "H'm, yes—well, let's get Paris again." *Again?* I have never heard Paris yet. They *tell* you it's Paris, and you suppose it is. But surely the French don't talk like—well, like what we heard, you know—"Oomph—P-t-t-izz—Hoots—h-o-o-ots . . . ing—urgh!" I can't believe it.

The final persecution when you are staying with Jim is when he puts his head round your bedroom door at 1.30 a.m. and hisses:

"I say, Pen, I've got America. Honest! It's as clear as daylight. The feller might be in the next room. Come on, you old fool!"

You stagger out of bed, claw on a dressing-gown, and descend his stone stairs. . . .

You know what happens. He *had* America. "Honestly, ol' man, not two minutes ago, I'll swear to you. Feller in Cincinnati, talking about Prohibition and Bootlegging. Wait a sec. I'll get him again. Help yourself to a drink."

You can't help yourself to a drink; the wires on your head-piece won't reach to the table where they all are. You dare not take the headphones off, you might miss something. You are crazy to hear America actually speaking. . . . . The fire has gone out. Your pyjamas are dreadfully thin. . . . You never hear America. At least, I never have. Have you?

Don't write to the Editor and expatiate on your American listening-in experiences in the dead of night, with no witnesses; because then he will *know* you are a wireless fan, too. Whereas I—well, I only suspect it.

FIRST CLASS! By ALFRED LEETE

BY CUNINGHAM

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WEMBLEY SIDE SHOWS

THE LAND *of the* GODS

How Truth was Found at Wembley

Photograph *Photopress*

FASHION NOTES FROM CEYLON

Mr. P. B. Nugawela, J.P. (left), Capt. D. E. Jayetileke and the Hon. J. H. Meedeniya, whose native dress left our feminine fashions "at the post," from the standpoint of elaborate splendour

Photograph *Central News*

FROM THE GOLD COAST TO OUR COLD COAST

Sir Gordon and Lady Guggisberg chatting with native soldiers from the Gold Coast, where Sir Gordon has held the post of Governor and Commander-in-Chief since 1919

THIS is the story of how Moung Hpé found peace of mind, and hidden away in it there is a moral. Moung Hpé was not really happy. Nobody who was born on the banks of the Irawaddy sixty-five years ago could be happy at Wembley in an English Spring-time. It is cold, for one thing, and there is a lack of repose for another, especially for those born under the contemplative influence of Gautama Buddha. Moung Hpé, who was very small and brown and wrinkled and whose legs were very elaborately tattooed, though you do not show that part of you in the kind of climate which prevails in England, might, nevertheless, have been happy enough—in the same way as an Englishman might be happily interested in watching all that happened if he arrived unexpectedly in Heaven, or even in Another Place, had it not been for his soul. For, unhappily, Moung Hpé, like most people who have travelled far, was a Waverer.

It began more than half a century ago when Moung Hpé was a very young man indeed, with scarcely any tattoo-marks on his legs to speak of, and lived among the foot-hills of the Shwe-u-Taung range. One, Colonel Tucker, who wore a solar topee and Dundreary whiskers, came to shoot rhino there or thereabouts, and one day fell head over heels into the Tunkachoung stream and called loudly upon his Gods in the hearing of Moung Hpé. In those days there were doubts in Burma—long since dissipated — whether the English were not themselves Gods, and it was evident that the Gods one of them called upon in such a loud and angry voice must be Gods Who Speak With A Very Loud Voice Indeed. It was then that Moung Hpé became a Waverer.

Photograph *Central News*

IN SOMBRE MOOD

Herr Sthamer, the German Ambassador, arrives, a lonely figure, at the British Empire Exhibition

Very many years passed, and one day it happened that a teak merchant who owned many elephants in the way of business sent for Moung Hpé, who had become an authority on elephantine diseases, and especially on Zurbad, which is of the nature of dropsy, and very infectious. Moung Hpé proved his worth as a vet., and as a result, to cut a long story short, came over the Black Waters to Wembley, being offered very good pay and caring little else about it. And there his old theological doubts became very active indeed. Very evidently the Gautama Buddha had no power at all in a place so lacking in repose; yet, equally evidently, some God there must be, seeing that people from all over the world, even from such distant lands as Gnada, Strelya and Njya (pronounce those curious names as you would), all different, and all restless and horribly loud-voiced, had come together to worship at the same shrine.

One day an extraordinary thing happened where all was extraordinary. Where the city had hitherto been empty or peopled only by nomadic bands completing the decorations of the many Temples, working or leaving work as seemed good to them—(Moung Hpé did not understand the theory of the lightning strike)—came suddenly and without warning innumerable hordes. Moung Hpé, having finished his work for the time, happened to be keeping himself as warm as possible by exercise, when he was suddenly caught up and swept willy-nilly amongst them and carried into a great

oval building that was obviously the Last and Greatest Temple of the Englishman's God. Being come at last to a standstill he squatted down devoutly—for politeness is never wasted on a God, even if he be Unknown—regardless of the protests of a purple-faced Englishman who seemed to want his seat and foolishly flourished a paper in his face. And then the miracle happened. Somewhere there was music and a Voice, a great Voice that lifted itself into all the sky and was immense and filled all the Temple and the very World, a Voice that could come from no human lungs, even were a man as tall as the flag-post that waved above the Temple. The purple-faced Englishman was still protesting because Moung Hpé was in his seat, but another checked him, saying, "Be silent. The King is speaking." And at the words all Moung Hpé's doubts, that had harassed him ever since the days when Colonel Tucker fell into the bed of the Tunkachoung stream, left him, for he knew that Anyone who could speak to his people in a voice so mighty was a God indeed. And Moung Hpé, no longer a waverer, felt great peace within his soul.

So Moung Hpé came to the root of the matter, very much closer, it may be, than do a lot of people who talk glibly about wireless and broadcasting and cats' whiskers and loud-speaking, understanding, really, just as much about them as does Moung Hpé.

And the moral is that there is much to be said for the British Empire.

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

Photograph] SOME NOTABILITIES AT WEMBLEY [*Central News*

Lady and Lord Louis Mountbatten, H.H. the Aga Khan, and the Hon. Sir Harry Stonor, at the opening of the British Empire Exhibition

Photograph *G. P. A.*

IN THE THIRD CARRIAGE

Prince George with the Duchess of York and the Duchess of Devonshire arriving for the State opening of the Exhibition, of which the Duke of Devonshire is Chairman of the Executive Council

Photograph *Central News*

WEMBLEY NIGHT-LIGHTS

A section of the grounds as they appear at night, when the unreliable splendours of an English sun are replaced by the constant services of electric lights. Nowhere, save at Wembley, can be met scenes such as the one above, which combines a suggestion of a Maidenhead backwater, a Venetian bridge and the Taj Mahal in one composite whole

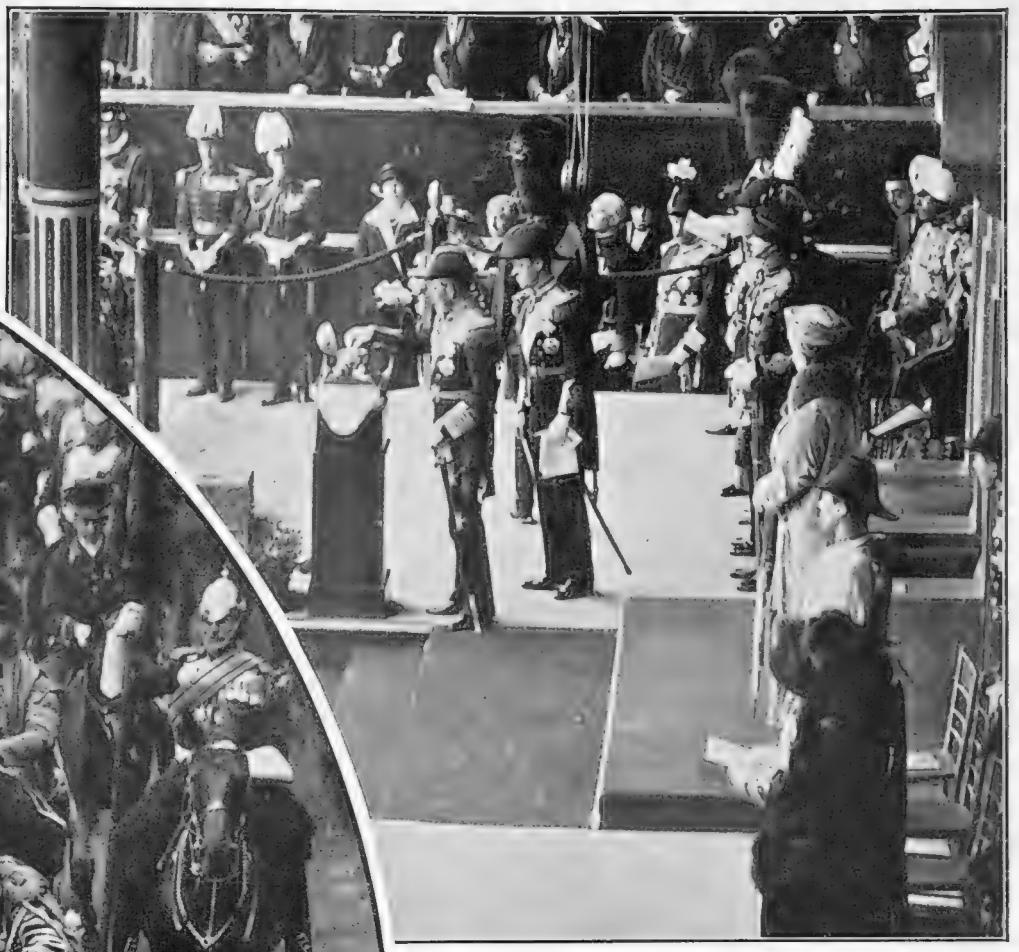
"THE EMPIRE'S AMBASSADOR"
The Prince of Wales, the President of the Exhibition, reading his Address of Welcome to the King

A PRESENT TO THE QUEEN
Miss Thomas, daughter of the Colonial Secretary, presenting to the Queen a bouquet of pink carnations—Her Majesty's favourite flower

AFTER THE
The King and Queen, with the Prince of Wales and the coach after the

Photographs

Copies of these historic photographs may be obtained on application to the Manager.



FOR THE COMMON WEALTH AND THE COMMON WEAL

The King pressing the button as a signal for the firing of the Salute and the breaking of the flags at the opening of the Exhibition

G.P.U.

CEREMONY

Duke of York, driving round the Stadium in the Royal opening ceremony

CONGRATULATIONS—AND THANKS!

The King shaking hands with representatives of the Wembley workers, who were presented to His Majesty by the Prince of Wales

The Bystander (*Photographic Department*), *Whitefriars, London, E.C.4*

The Riviera Week by Week

THE Grand National Sweepstakes here resulted in wins for three regular sun-worshippers on the Riviera, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Rawle and Mrs. Van Ness. The first prize amounted to about £3,000 at the present rate of exchange, so for the Derby there should be a really big sum as these sweeps become better known.

MONTE CARLO is still very full, and long lines of motors are still in evidence round the gardens, which are really lovely just now, despite the hideous mixture of colours which all but swear at each other in the brilliant beds in the centre garden. Royalties are very much to the fore still at the Salle Empire at the Paris and the Ambassadeur teas at the Metropole, etc. The Earl and Countess of Mar lunched the King of Sweden the other day at their delightful Villa Indiana. The other guests were Messrs. Keiller and Sangron (of his suite), Lady Garioch, Sir Lees and Lady Nina Knowles, the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Brougham, Lady Spearman, Lady Mackenzie, Sir Trehawke and Lady Kekewich, and the Earl of Kintore. The Earl of Mar received many warm congratulations on his eighty-eighth birthday recently. At the Sporting Club on Friday Brig.-General and Mrs. Weir had a large party at tea, including Mr. and Mrs. Udny, Hon. Alastair and Mrs. Campbell, Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Brougham, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. C. Ralli, Mrs. Churchill, Miss Bacon, Mr. O'Hagan and Miss Greenwood, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Bamber.

AT lunch recently at the Paris, Mrs. Beddington entertained, among others, the Duke of Connaught, Lady Londesborough, Colonel Wilfred Ashley, Sir Stephenson and Lady Kent, Colonel Cyril Foley, Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, Sir John Humphrey, Mme. Zélie de Lussan, Sir George Houston Boswell, Sir John and Lady Latta, Lord and Lady Cheylesmore and Lady Hadfield. At the Paris, also, Sir Cecil and Lady Lowther lunched the Duke of Connaught, Sir John Ward, General the Hon. Sir William and Lady Lambton, Lord and Lady Campden, the Hon. Edward Coke, Lady Somerleyton, and Major Berkeley Levitt.

THE reforms in the management of the Golf Club urged by the Secretary for many years, and adopted by the new Administration of the Société des Bains de Mer last year, turning over the management of the restaurant to a real club and backing the club with the requisite funds, has proved a great success. A big deficit on the restaurant, where all and sundry were formerly allowed to lunch, has disappeared, and it is now run for golfers and their friends, who can get through an excellent lunch in time to play two full rounds or more in mid-winter and yet have tea at Monte Carlo. The summer work on the course is to be supervised by Arthur Grant, and another costly reservoir is being built for water to help the greens in the four or five months of complete drought we suffer here in summer. M. René Léon, the new Administrateur Délégué, is to be congratulated on his policy of adequately backing the Golf Club and at last following the advice of a Scottish expert on a Scottish game.

Photograph *E. Navello*

ROYALTY AND ROYAL WEATHER

King Manoel and Prince Philippe de Bourbon enjoying the sunshine, which is distributed impartially to all, on the "Cheese" at Monte

Photograph *Katherine Fleuret*

LINKS WITH THE SOUTH

The players in a foursome match between Biarritz and Pau snapped on the links at the latter place. The group shows (left), Mr. H. E. Taylor (Pau), Hon. Osmund Scott (Biarritz), Mr. H. M. Cairns (Pau), and the Marquis del Muni (Biarritz)

Photograph *E. Navello*

KING AND COURT AT MONTE

The King of Sweden, who is a very keen lawn-tennis player, photographed between sets with Mlle. de Alvarez on La Festa courts

THE "Mirabeau," just below the "Metropole," certainly deserves its success. Tell Mr. Schipper how much you want to spend per head and he will give you about the best lunch for your friends to be had in Monte Carlo, and the best served, with a beautifully decorated table. His wines are also exceptional, and the views from the long restaurant overlooking the coast are quite lovely.

MR. O'HAGAN'S many guests will not soon forget Mr. Walter Rummel's inspired music at Casa del Mare on Sunday recently. His art struck everyone as more full of sympathy than ever, right through the interesting selections from Bach and Chopin, the "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven, the "Carnaval" of Schumann and the weird fire scene from the *Walkyrie*.

THE season for shooting pigeons on the green lawn below the terrace is over, but the season for plucking them in the rooms never ceases. Such crowds in April I have never seen. You meet so many old friends on the "Cheese" just now that it reminds you of the venerable Pont Neuf in Paris, where, it used to be said, everybody crossed the Seine in time. Detectives who had almost abandoned hope used to wait there as a last resort, and were invariably rewarded for an exercise of patience. Possibly most leading crooks might in time be spotted here, where they are only chucked out of the Principality, as a rule, to avoid scandals. But the visitors now are, I always think, about the nicest of the whole year. Lots of youngsters about, for one thing.

J. G. H.

Born 1820—Still going Strong!

LITERARY SPIRIT SERIES NO. 12.

"ODDFELLOWS ARMS," Caldbeck:—The scene of many meets of the veteran huntsman, John Peel, who died at a ripe old age in 1854. In a room in this plain little inn was written the famous hunting song 'D'ye ken John Peel' which has immortalized the old fox-hunter and his hounds.

Johnnie Walker: "People still sing 'D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey'."

Shade of John Peel: "Aye! but they don't sing about you, they shout for you."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, Kilmarnock, SCOTLAND.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Derby Colts

EVERY week now fresh light is being thrown upon Derby prospects, but the great race remains very puzzling. I very much liked Spalpeen's performance at Newmarket last week, and I think he will be a colt who will have to be reckoned with at Epsom. He struck me as being genuinely fond of racing. Dawson Waugh has had to be very patient with him, and that eminently conscientious trainer is to be complimented upon the results of his care. Spalpeen has grown into an imposing three-year-old, and even if he fails at Epsom, he will assuredly be well suited in the Doncaster St. Leger, for stamina seems to be his strongest point. Sir Edward Hulton came to Newmarket to see him run, and has high hopes that his colt will be bang in the fighting line in the classic races.

Donzelon's Downfall

AT Newbury a few weeks ago, Salmon Trout showed us that even high-class colts cannot run within a stone of their proper form when they are only partially fit. We had another example at the Craven meeting when Donzelon failed to carry his big weight with distinction in the Column Produce Stakes. I do not think we should be in a hurry to condemn Sir Hedworth Meux's colt. Even in the most favourable circumstances he may have failed to give 19 lbs. to Hobgoblin, but it was probably lack of condition which had most to do with his downfall. I look to him to make a much better show in the Two Thousand Guineas next week. It is difficult to estimate the future of Hobgoblin. He is one of those enormous colts who may achieve anything. On the other hand, only a few racehorses of abnormal size ever do gain the highest honours. They either go wrong in their wind or get stumped up by hard ground. I hope that neither of these fates will befall Mr. Anthony de Rothschild's colt, whose victory last week was a decidedly pleasant surprise for all associated with him.

Photograph BEFORE THE RACE *Topical*

Miss N. King, the only woman jockey in the Gallcway race at the Annual Mount Sports at Witney, keeps her mount in hand at the starting post. The V-shape collar appears to be coming into fashion in the racing world

A Dried-Up "City"

I HAVE never known the City and Suburban dry up so completely as Wednesday's race has done. It is not much of a compliment to the handicapper to find a horse quoted at 7 to 4 for a race of this importance more than a week previously, but the compiler of the weights could not have foreseen that so many likely horses would be withdrawn from the race. Is Pharos such a certainty as the betting suggests him to be? At first glance 9 st. appears a big weight, but Pharos is well up to the classic standard, and he is an ideal colt for the Epsom course. He has a nice pull in the weights with Verdict, who looks like being his most formidable rival. It appears to me to be waste of time to look beyond PHAROS for the probable winner.

Photograph "IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY" *Central Press*

Miss Todd and Miss Kitty Price returning triumphant, albeit somewhat dishevelled, from the field of victory, which, in this instance, was at Risborough Green in Sussex. They defeated all the mere male entrants in the Open "Costume Hurdle" event at the local Gymkhana

Sandown Selections

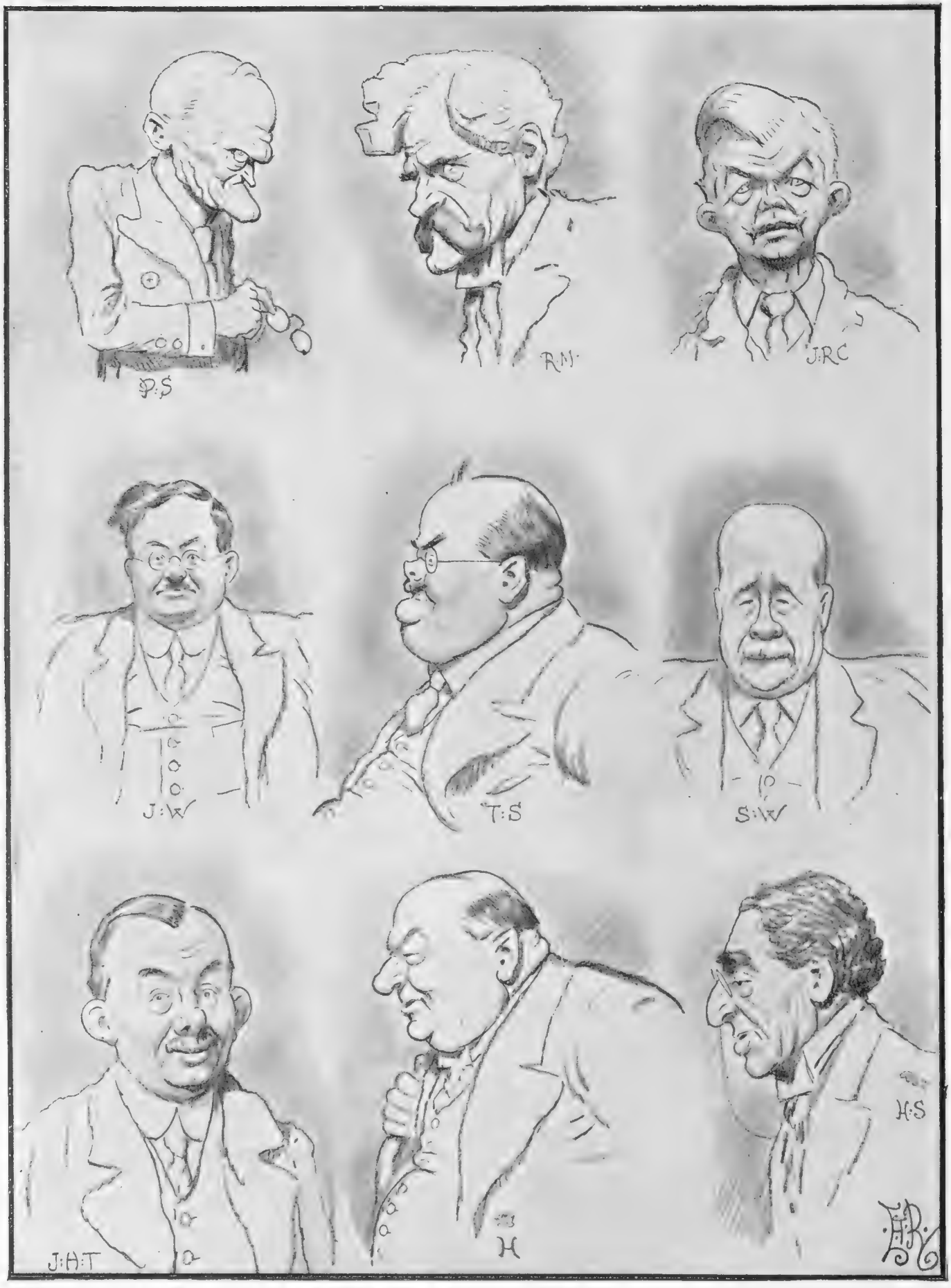
FOLLOWING the Epsom meeting we look like having some excellent racing at Sandown Park. The Esher Cup on Thursday is a vastly more intricate problem than the "City." In spite of his penalty I think an excellent chance is possessed by **Dunnottar.** The Twickenham Handicap may be won by **Noce d'Argent.** In the Athlone Handicap on Friday **Rath Duth** appears to possess a very reasonable prospect of success. As usual, the third day of this Sandown meeting is given over to National Hunt sport. **Old Tay Bridge** may win the Grand International Steeplechase.

Fleurs de France

BY MARCEL PONCIN

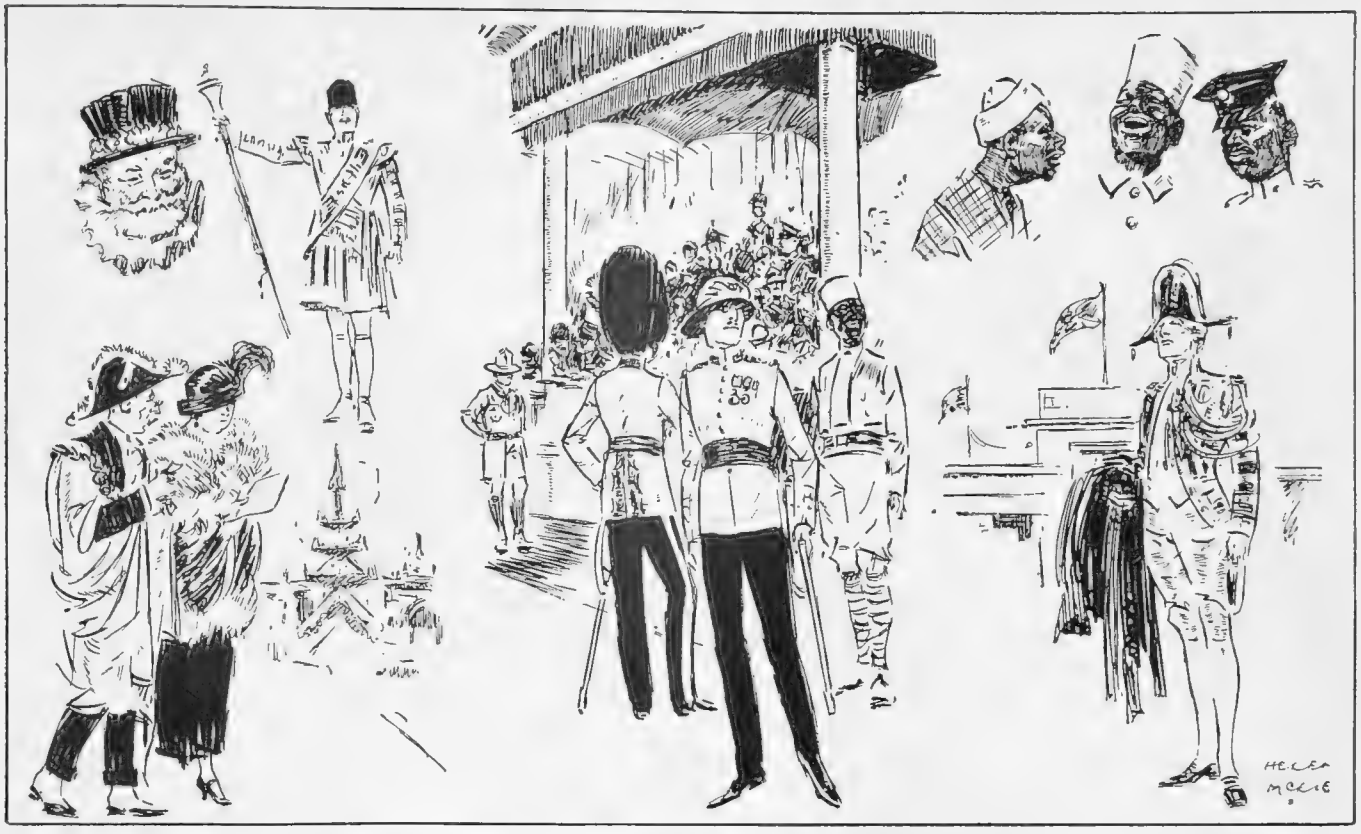
MIMOSA DE CANNES

Some Things We Miss at Wembley



BY E. T. REED

Our artist having foreseen his appointment as official decorator of the "Political Valhalla" at Wembley (next to the Bier-halle !) has sent us a few specimens of the "exhibits." They are done now, so we may as well publish them !



AN EMPIRE IN LITTLE, AT THE OPENING OF THE WEMBLEY EXHIBITION

By Helen McKie

THAT WEEK-END OASIS?

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

Somewhere-by-the-Sea, *April* 28

Dear Cousin—

Yes, am just snatching a brief week-end that's just coming to its close, here by the sea, 'fore the social ball really gets rolling that was started off on its giddy career, so to speak, with the Wembley opening last week and Princess Mary's party at Chesterfield House. When the Royals and others of high degree gathered together as a sort of prelim. to the push off of what they say's going to be so far quite the record in the way of post-War seasons.

Rather nice and pleasant in a way, you know, to repose for a while in a kind of a sort of oasis all cut off from the busy bustling world, as you might say, 'tween times and previous to launching out again into the giddy whirl. To do a bit of the—

> World forgetting, and by the world forgot

touch, by the side of the silvery sea, with a sort of sudden silence all round you, 'cept for the plash of aforesaid argent waves, and not a single engagement looming ahead in all the wide world, till we go back that is — and no one ever thinks of things like that, do they, on such like occasions, up to the very moment when the taxi arrives and the bill's thrust right under our reluctant nose?

And, oh, what bills they do seem to hand you, too, these days, by the shores of the aforementioned silvery, etc., even at seemingly quite modest hostelries in quite quiet and remote spots—which, though, when you shudderingly scan the items of your account (if you've got the nerve) seem to have modelled 'emselves (s'far as prices go) on some super-Carlton or Savoy *de luxe*. But never mind, that doesn't happen till right at the end. And meanwhile it's lovely to linger a while in lotus-like idleness, 'thout any letters or anything to worry you—'cos that's one of the joys of real *short* holidays, isn't it . . . that it's not really worth while having anything sent you or forwarded on, and you really can for a day or two *disappear*.

"Hasty swallowings of a sup of coffee"

To sit lazily for half a morning, f'rinstance, in that sheltered corner of the croquet lawn, with a big rockery smothered in rich purple arabis behind your back, and bees buzzing in and out of the blooms all the time like mad, and watch the ships sauntering smoothly along the Channel — or that's what they look like, anyway. Or, if more springy than summery that particular moment, to go for real brisk and merit-acquiring stroll over cliff, on that wonderful elastic sea-turf that braces you up almost as much as the wine-like air.

Or have a round (or a half, or quarter, 'cos it doesn't do to overdo it, does it?), on the peaceful and unsophisticated links where—you never know your luck—you may sometimes cannon quite nicely on to the green off the back of a grazing cow, if you *should* happen to pull or slice. And always, always, whatever you do or don't do, there seems lurking in the background, ready to emerge at a moment's notice, bright

and brisk and abs'lutely up to the mark—an Appetite.

REALLY rather wonderful, isn't it, how healthily and bucolically and shamelessly hungry (not to say greedy) one can become all of a sudden, and after only a few hours of that strong sparkling air? Quite calmly absorbing three-course breakfasts 'stead of the usual toying with a tiny scrap of bacon and a droplet of tea, and tackling hefty great joints and sweets and cheese for lunch, and lapping up eagerly every single item on a carefully-scanned menu at the dinner that comes at the end of a perfect day.

AND dinner really is more or less the end—that's partly what's so restful, just for a change. No theatres, no dances. No hasty swallowings of a cup of coffee and dashing upstairs for final pats and powderings while car or taxi (not to mention anything tophatted and human) hums impatiently at the door. Instead, just a comfortable sinking into deep armchairs in hotel lounge—and if any one bores you, you simply get up and say you're tired with your long day in the open air, and "Good Night," and all's well that ends well, and no offence taken where none is meant, and so on, and that's that. Or, p'raps, with air caressingly soft and moon making a shining pathway on the waters, an hour or so on verandah or terrace with suitable wraps, and escort. . . . And so to bed, as Mr. Pepys so comfortably and immortally put it. . . .

WHAT golden little intervals they really are, these little week-ends by the sea! (said she, being just at the end of hers). Gems of price that shine out against the setting of our ordinary life—and same time, mark you, cousin, make home and the daily round so infinitely more fascinating when you come back to 'em, what? Moral and philosophy whereof, compressed into nutshell or tabloid, seems to be . . . life's lovely everywhere, only you've got to try all sorts of kinds to keep on realising it to the full. *N'est-ce-pas?*

SHOULD be perfectly *desolée* myself, I'm 'pletely convinced, if condemned to perpetual rurality, though I simply *adore* it when it's there, with—

> The gorse scent in April,
> Like apricots sun-warm.

or, as the same poet puts it—

> The salt clean smell of seaweed
> On the rocks when the tide is low—

to savour its simple joys. More especially hating any really too prolonged absence from the Metrop. at a moment like this, when we 'pear to be properly pushing off with all manner of gaiety and merriment suitable for entertaining our thousands and millions of Overseas visitors—and incidentally, just poss., ourselves.

MET quite a lot of the above-named visitors, by the way, at the Piccadilly the other night, wisely and judiciously sampling not only *la danse* in that nice long ballroom, but the perfectly good new cabaret show called *Dolly's Revels*, with pretty little June and her *Nellie Kelly* partner,

"Oh, these bills"

Ralph Whitehead, doing songs and dances, and graceful Anita Elson and the Dolly Girls. Whose tuneful ways and fascinatingly waving (and 'stremely well-shaped) legs are really a most delightful 'companiment to the consumption of one's *huitres* or *turbotin bonne femme* or *biscuit glacé* (not to mention Bollinger, and even, poss'bly, a tiny portion of that flappers' famous potion, *crême de menthe*).

AND loved especially the imitation programme magazine that they've fixed up, just like the ones you get in the theatres and read in the intervals, if bored—only diff'rent. "Confessions," *par exemple*, by Miss Pansy Snooper, of the Nudity Theatre, and "Gush for Girls," by Zozo, and "Mush for Men," by the Major, and all sorts of other just a shade cruellish things, p'raps, but not one single second before they were asked for, so to speak.

WENT on afterwards, by the way, to the Quadrant Club, in Air Street, which in the last few weeks seems to have become a favoured rendezvous or resort for them that would dance even later than the statutory 2 a.m. that Wembley—thank heaven!—has brought us. . . . All very pleasant and *intime*, don't you know, and not too distressingly Bohemian, either. Must say when I *do* revel I rather prefer to do it among Reville frocks, and Sackville Street suits to match—what?

TALKING of revels, hear they're starting a quite new (to London) kind of affair called *diners fleuris* at the Metropole next Sunday, after the fashion of a recent Monte Carlo mode, with a Monte orchestra and Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana dancing once more. *Un soir à Nagasaki*, the first one's to be called, and there'll be lots of flowers all over the place, and Japanese designs and things—with other sim'lar Sunday festivals to follow. *Are* rather brightening up London just now (all for our Wembley visitors, of course), aren't we?

AND the cricket season starts 'ficially this week, not to mention lawn tennis on grass and all the other summer games—think of it. Shall be getting busy buying our summer frocks 'fore we've *really* decided whether we like our Spring ones, shan't we? And it's the City and Sub. at Epsom this Wednesday as ever is, with Royalty gracing the occasion, and next Monday—greatest sign of all, p'raps, of our return to pre-War customs and gaieties—they're starting an Austro-German opera season at Covent Garden with the *Ring* and Strauss, and Selma Kurz and other famous artists from the "Central Powers" singing. Times *have* changed, haven't they?

THEN there's that real naval occasion of note, the Goat Club Annual Ball this Friday at the Hyde Park Hotel, and lots of private dances 'ginning to figure in our diaries, too, *plus* a perfect avalanche of first nights. Let's hope the Chanc. of the Exchcq. 'll take a real big chunk off our taxes when M.P.'s gather round again to-morrow—or don't know how *our* Exchequers 're ever going to even *begin* to cope with it all.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

TIME . . . . The moving finger writes, and—pauses . . . . The flame of life flickers for a moment—only to burn the more steadily . . . . or to sink? It depends upon the care which is taken.

As at every other cross-road of life's highway, Horlick's Malted Milk is invaluable here. It gives wonderful nourishment without taxing the digestion. It is a rich, delicious combination of the choice extracts of wheat flour and malted barley with fresh dairy milk. It builds body, brain and nerve. Served in most restaurants and cafés of standing.

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DOGS IN THE LIMELIGHT

ON PARADE!

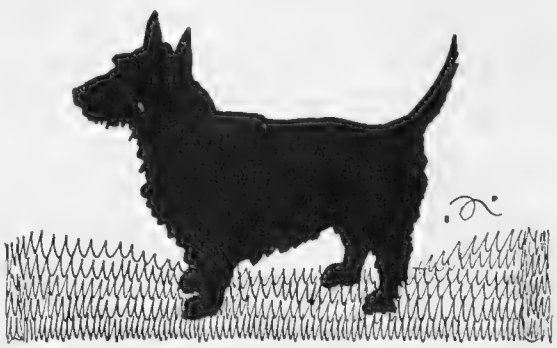
By "THE KENNELMAN" *Sketches by NICOLSON*

WITH its 364 separate Classes, and qualifying contest for Messrs. Spillers' two thirty guinea "Saval" Cups, the Championship Show at Bath to-morrow (Thursday) has naturally attracted a big entry.

Next week's big event is the Ladies' Kennel Association's Annual Championship Show at Olympia, on Wednesday and Thursday. Just on a hundred K. C. Challenge Certificates, and 740 Classes—a full dress tamasha from which a great deal can be learned. On the previous day, Tuesday, Olympia will house the big All-Terrier Show; so, one way with another, most of the aristocrats of Dogdom will be at home to all comers in London next week.

There's no magic or mystery about getting your Dog into "Show form." Let nothing you dismay, in that direction. If you treat him rightly he'll never be out of show form; which only means being in the pink, when all's said and done, and that's the fairly kept Dog's norm. He must behave well on the lead, of course; but. whether or not shown, he should be taught that. Showing is a simple method of getting an expert verdict on your Dog's quality, and, maybe, of adding to his prestige, not to mention your own interest, by winning a card or two. And it's rather a jolly game for you both. Don't fash yourself much about his feeding on Show day; don't encourage him to hob-nob with Dogs he doesn't know; allow him and yourself plenty of time; don't speak to the judge, until spoken to; and don't criticise verdicts until you've slept on 'em. You can learn a lot at a Show—if you're willing to learn; and it's really more profitable than laying down the law.

Having indicated in these Notes some of the difficulties involved, "The Kennelman" was not exactly surprised to learn of the abandonment of the proposed canine section at the Empire Exhibition. Writers have expressed surprise and regret, on the ground that the British Empire contains so big a proportion of the world's keenest Dog-lovers, and most of the world's finest Dogs. But may that not be the reason the scheme fell through? Consider the case of your own favourite Dog—perhaps the finest in the world, from one person's point of view, anyhow. What about sentencing him to six months' hard—exhibition? Every possible care would be taken, etc., etc. Sure! No doubt that applies also to Dartmoor and Wormwood Scrubbs—wherever that may be. But, all the same, you know, I've considered the matter with the assistance of several of our own (each of whom is the finest Dog in the world) and find that the Noes have it. However, Spratts, the world-famed lords of "The back-bone of the Canine race," have acquired all the allotted space at the Exhibition, and, apart from everything they show, hospitably offer a general sort of fore-gathering ground and G.H.Q. for doggy folk; so, like a certain Army still occasionally remembered, the Wembley of to-day's all right!



The finest in the world, from one person's point of view

"Since you have, very properly, drawn attention to the misery of the lives of performing Dogs, and other animals, will you please publish a protest against the cruelty involved in every form of exhibition at which Dogs are shown, chained to benches, and dragged about for hours in rings"?

No, madam, asking your pardon, I won't. I admit the risks of infection at Shows; for Dogs, as for humans, wherever folk gather together. But "the cruelty involved." Nay; with all deference, it doesn't exist outside your own hyper-sensitive imagination. Allowing for inevitable intervals of boredom, most Dogs enjoy the sporting competition of Shows, and many will sulk confoundedly, if left behind when any of their mates leave home for a Show.

No, Shows don't entail any form of cruelty, and do enormously benefit the Dog community; but tricks, stage performances, and the life *under* the stage—that's another pair of shoes altogether; to me anathema.

The defence of the Hampstead woman who threw a Pomeranian Dog out of a window, 20 ft. from the ground, was that she didn't really mean to hurt the Dog; only to annoy his owner. A ministering angel thou!

That invaluable weekly, *Our Dogs*, reports the founding of a Fox-Terrier Club in Czecho-Slovakia. The Princess of Monaco has acquired at least one of the Duchess of Newcastle's famous Notts-strain Fox-Terriers, a Wire Bitch.

SPRATT'S MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES

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"The Backbone of the Canine Race"

Write for the informative FREE booklet, "The Dog," to-day.

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

THERE is an abundance of jolly light-hearted reading in Winifred James's new book, *Out of the Shadows* (Chapman and Hall: 15*s.* net), which is not a novel and not the ordinary autobiography, but rather a discursive commentary on such men and matters as have interested the writer in the War years and afterwards. Miss James (who in private life is Mrs. de Jan and, therefore, not altogether to her liking, an American citizen) has much to say of Panama, where her husband holds an official position, of the Red Cross, of the miseries of malaria, of one-room houses—perhaps you remember that she was recently exhibiting one of these miniature joys in London—of dogs and Spaniards and half a hundred other most interesting things. And it is all so entertainingly told that you find yourself nine-tenths through the book before you realise what a long book it is. Malaria, one believes, does not generally make for good humour, but it seems that there are exceptions, for Miss James wrote a great deal of her book—"in the throes."

❋

MR. EVAN AGNEW'S first novel, *Dublin Pride* (Cecil Palmer: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), has considerable merits. It is written with distinction. The theme has to do with the vexed question of "mixed" marriages, even though Kathleen herself, the daughter of an Irish Catholic Professor of Theology, does not actually marry anybody at all. But then, Mr. Agnew has obviously much more to tell us about his heroine. Here there is no more than her introduction to life—her engagement to the rather uncouth and Protestant John Tanner (with a very delightful mother), her evasion of a certain Lord Ilworth, and her haphazard meeting with a nice journalist in London. What will ultimately happen to Kathleen I haven't a notion, but Mr. Agnew has interested us in her, and when she is a little older I have no doubt that her story will be completed.

❋

IF you want a really good yarn of adventure, with mutiny on the high seas and the excitements and dangers of sealing off the coast of Newfoundland, you should read Mr. George Allan England's new story, *The White Wilderness* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It is full of the best kind of thrills, from the moment when the young millionaire is wrecked from an aeroplane with a fair passenger on the ice, to the time when the good ship *Vigilant* finishes her last disastrous voyage. Mr. England is obviously writing from first-hand knowledge, and he manages to give you an extraordinarily vivid insight into the secrets of the seal trade. Boys will love this book, and so will a great number of their elders.

❋

ON and on they come, these records of crime, and nobody seems to have had enough. I often wonder why interest in criminology remains so keen and widespread. Is it, perhaps, that we all of us have an anti-social corner hidden deep down? I expect so. The fact remains that crime can make very good reading. And so there will, doubtless, be a large public for Mr. C. L. McCluer Stevens's *Famous Crimes and Criminals* (Stanley Paul: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), which retells some startling crime-stories of the last hundred years. There is the amazing Madame Humbert, who fooled all France for so many years, there is the most respectable but extremely unpleasant lady who committed not one, but 180 murders—her garden was just large enough to contain all the bodies—there is the notorious Madame Rachael, who pretended to have discovered the elixir of beauty, and there are a score or more of male scoundrels, of whom some, like Adam Worth, are more picturesque than others. It is a well-selected compilation.

❋

Another Alice Book, Please! (Castle: 6*s.* net). Yes, one can well understand a small girl emulating Oliver and asking for more, and it was a bold venture on Mrs. A. L. Gibson's part to endeavour to supply the demand. A bold venture and not altogether unsuccessful, for although Pauline's adventures in Guinland, where the guinea-pigs come from and the mention of tails is a delicate business, lack the touch of the master, they are amusing enough. The nonsense-lyrics are sometimes good imitations of the originals, and some of the new portmanteau words will not be forgotten. The illustrations by H. R. Millar are not all of equal merit, but one or two are very good. What the small youngster of to-day will say to the book I will not venture to guess, but I admire the boldness of the writer, and it is only fair to her to say that the book was written in the first place not for the public, but for the one particular Pauline who mattered.

Bystanderisms: A New Competition for Readers

£50 FOR A PHRASE

BELOW is a list of well-known London Dance Clubs, Cabaret Shows, Country Clubs, Restaurants, etc., and we are offering readers a Prize of Fifty Pounds for the best phrase descriptive of the character *of any one the reader may select.*

The phrase must not be more than four words in length. Competitors can send in attempts for one only or for any number of the Clubs and Restaurants mentioned, but each attempt must be made on a separate coupon, which will be found on *the third page of cover.* There is, of course, no entrance fee.

The Competition will remain open for several weeks, and the closing date will be announced later.

In order to assist readers, we give an example of the type of phrase required :—

NAME OF CLUB—Regent's Park Country Club.
BYSTANDERISM—That (K)Russian Feeling.

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BELGRAVIA HOTEL.
BERKELEY HOTEL.
BLANCHARD'S CLUB.
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TROCADERO RESTAURANT.
TUSCAN RESTAURANT.
WALDORF HOTEL.

The decision of the Editor will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into in regard to the Competition. Competitors can enter only on this understanding.

The Editor reserves the right to make use of any of the phrases sent in if he so wishes.

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

"Greenwich Fair." In former times, the dawn of Whit Monday found London's streets thronged with lads and lassies footing it merrily to Greenwich Fair. Here, the principal street would be lined with Booths, Shows and Games of skill. The Park was given over to sports and dancing, which carried on until long after midnight, when the wayside inns would do a lively trade with homebound revellers.

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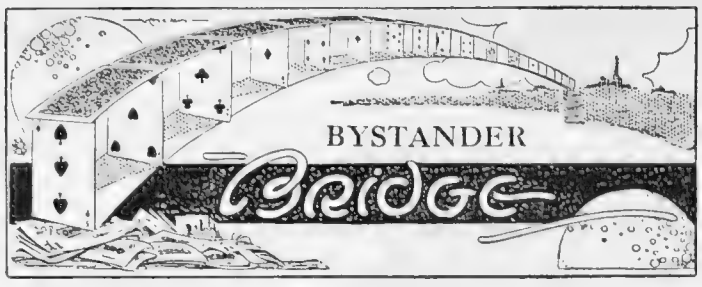


BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

CLAIMING THE REMAINING TRICKS

"More haste less speed," is an old and well-worn proverb which has its application at Auction Bridge. We all know those rapid players who are in such a hurry to get on with the next deal that they throw in their cards in the middle of a hand with the remark, "The rest are mine," or "I get one more," or "I cannot get any more." Sometimes they are right and sometimes they are wrong. But when their claim is challenged it often gives rise both to confusion and to delay. It would have been much quicker to play out the hand. Quick players and thinkers should have consideration for their opponents who may not be so quick. I have known tricks claimed wrongly by an impetuous player, and his adversaries, through diffidence or because they did not like to admit that they could not see the position, accepted the claim without demur.

. . . . . .

I remember a case of a very clever and dominating woman at a Cock and Hen Club. Eight tricks had been played and there were five winners in dummy. Throwing down her cards and pointing to dummy, she said, "They are all good." It was quite true. But the point was that it was her lead. She could not put dummy in and she had two losers in her own hand. But her opponents, who were obviously in awe of her, meekly accepted the position and threw down their cards. If they had insisted on her playing out the hand they might have remembered it was her lead. No doubt the lady in question made a bona-fide mistake. Everybody makes mistakes, and that is why I advise all players not to accept without close scrutiny the claim of an adversary to the rest of the tricks. It takes very little time to play out the hand, and there is this added advantage that your opponents may revoke.

. . . . . .

Of course, there are some hands of such an obvious nature that it is an insult to the intelligence to play them out, cast-iron hands or hands where after a trick or two, the position is clear to the meanest intelligence, and there can be no possibility of doubt or dispute. These may well be thrown in. It is no use putting your opponents to the torture of discarding. Get the thing over at once. But where there is any possible question, where the position may be clear to the declarer, but not necessarily to his opponents, it is very much better to play out the hand.

. . . . . .

There are several points not always understood about abandoning a hand. Law 69 states: "Should the declarer *indicate* that all or any of the remaining tricks are his, he may be required to place his cards face upwards on the table." Note that word "indicate" which I have italicised. If he says "You can't get any more" that is certainly an "indication." But if he says "I don't think you can get any more" I am not sure that it is an indication within the meaning of the law. But, having claimed the rest of the tricks, he must put his cards upon the table, and he cannot then take them up again even if asked to play out the hand. He can play his cards as he likes, and they cannot be called—but he cannot take any *finesse* unless he has announced his intention of doing so before placing his cards on the table.

. . . . . .

Out of this clause several disputes have arisen. In dummy are Ace, Queen, Jack of a suit. Declarer has *finessed* the Jack successfully. He wins a trick in his own hand, throws down his cards and announces "the rest are mine," intending to *finesse* again. Is this claim justified? Certainly not. He has not announced the *finesse*. Fourth hand may possibly be holding up the King for his own purposes. Declarer has no right to assume that the rest are his. And his adversaries are perfectly in order in insisting that he should put his cards on the table and not take a *finesse*. So that if his left-hand adversary holds the King (as he probably does) he can make declarer play the Ace and his King becomes good, which would not have happened if declarer had played out the hand. It is declarer's own fault for being so impetuous.

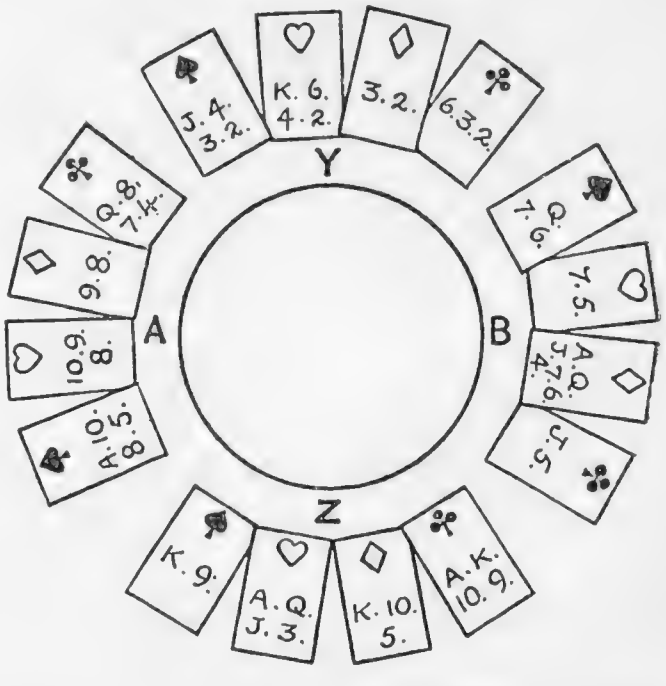
But a more difficult case arises where fourth hand has failed in a suit and it is obvious declarer must make all the tricks by *finessing* against his left-hand adversary. Instead, however, of playing it out declarer announces that the remaining tricks are his. Can second hand claim that he cannot *finesse*, not having announced his intention? It is a nice point. It may well be argued that declarer is not really *finessing* at all. He knows fourth hand is bare, that second hand holds King and that dummy has Ace, Queen. He is, therefore, entitled to claim the tricks on fact. But I do not think the argument holds water. What if fourth hand has revoked, and holds the King or one of the suit all the time? I think there is no doubt that under the law, in any circumstances, declarer must announce the *finesse* before putting down his hand, regardless of how the play has gone previously. If he does not, opponents have their remedy in forbidding him to *finesse*.

. . . . . .

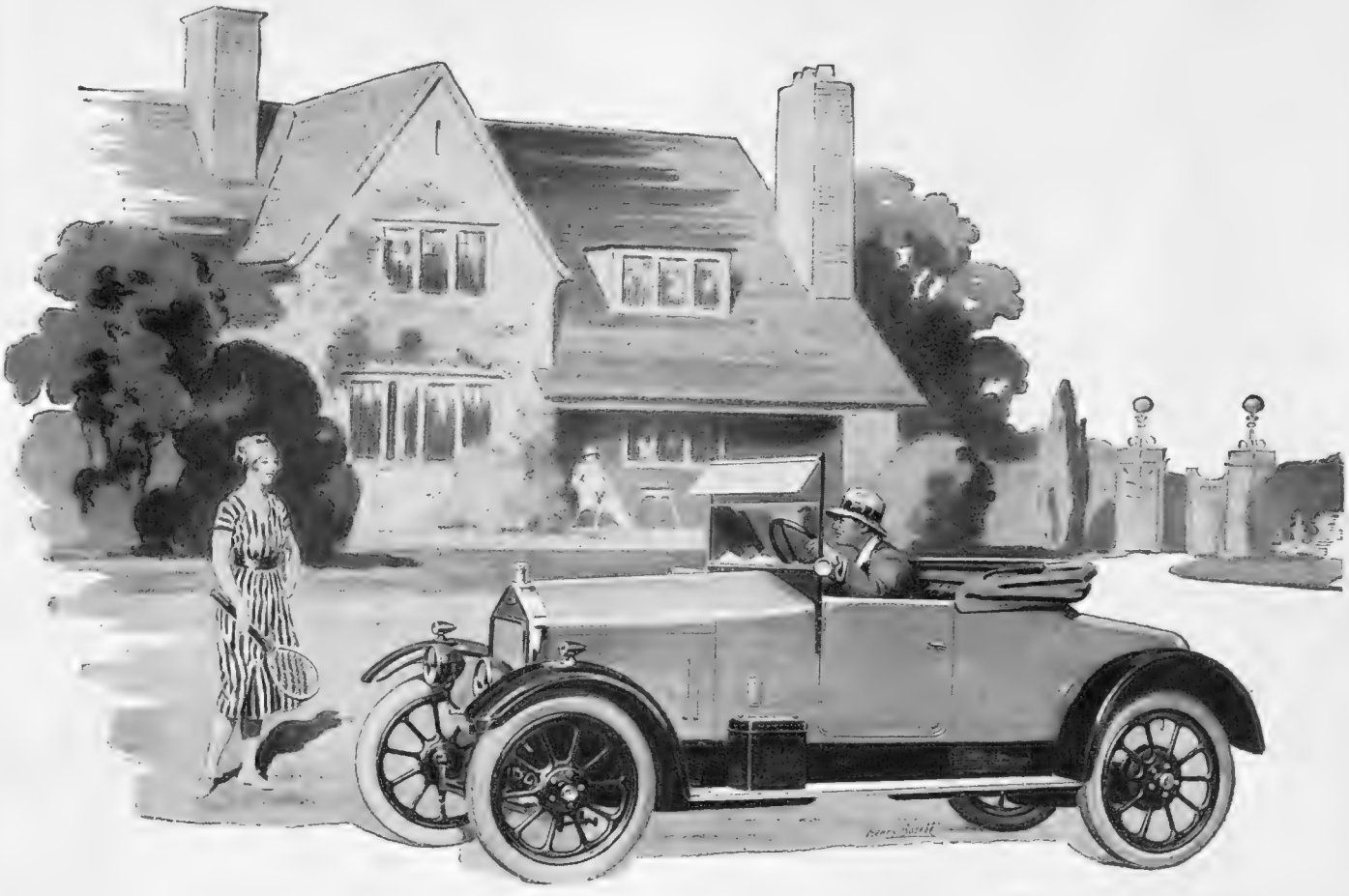
An ethical point of a somewhat different nature is where declarer exposes his cards and says, "I can't get any more," yet he can, however the cards are played. Is his statement to be accepted and the rest of the tricks accepted and scored by his opponents? I have seen it done frequently. But I hold it is wrong. If declarer throws down his cards he has done his adversaries no damage, and if they see he has made a mistake they ought to correct him and say, "No, you must make another trick." But you may say, in a previous case I stated that declarer ought to be punished for his impetuosity. Quite so. But to my mind there is a distinction between the two cases. Declarer ought to be punished for wrong play or contravening the laws, but he ought not to be penalised on a point of fact. No one should want to take tricks to which he is not justly entitled. And while it is quite true it is "up to" a player to look after himself, he should not by a slip which contravenes no law, be deprived of a trick or tricks which belong to him in justice and equity.

Bystander Four Weeks' Competition,—No. II.

Problem No. 3 (Third Week)



Score: Game all. A, B 20 in rubber game. Z deals and calls "one no-trumps." A and Y pass. B calls "two diamonds." Z "two no-trumps." All pass. A opens 9 of Diamonds, and B plays Jack. How should Z play the hand and why?



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FEMINA

Photograph MIDNIGHT FOLLIES—AS PARIS FINDS THEM [*Wide World*

Miss Josephine Head and the "Midnight Follies," who have been appearing at the Club Daunou, under the direction of one of the famous Tomson Twins, himself the star turn of a very good programme

"Toujours Mouchoir"

By "CANDIDA"

An obviously necessary thing is a handkerchief. There's such a thing as influenza, intended, I take it, to cool the ardour of an English spring. And there's Christmas when some of us wouldn't know what to give each other if it weren't for gloves and handkerchiefs and things. But, on the whole, handkerchiefs, like other inevitables, should be kept in their proper place. "No real lady ever flaunts a handkerchief," say the book of etiquette, which would be more impressive if etiquette were not a back number and "real ladies" deader than the dodo. If you want a proof, look at the way we're flaunting handkerchiefs this spring. The most obvious thing about a real lady—and the others—is her handkerchief.

Of course, it isn't intended to be taken seriously, only decoratively, ultra-decoratively. Therefore, it isn't tucked away into any obscure pockets and places; it is tied round the neck *à l'Apache*, or the arm *à la Deauville*, or the wrist *thé dansant*-fashion, or the waist—I mean the hips—*à l'Espagnole*, or the ankle . . . no, not yet round the ankle, though, no doubt, it soon will be. It screams at you a mile off with its trumpet note of crimson, its shriek of gamboge, its piercing warbling of blue, a whole orchestra-full of colour-screams, all concentrated into a small square of silk. "A short life and a brilliant one for me," says the square "shine, dazzle, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

Photograph *Humphrey Joel*

"WHAT *CAN* WE HAVE FOR LUNCH?"

As a matter of fact it is highly improbable that this particular question was vexing the mind of the lady seen above. But anyway, it serves to introduce Miss Evelyn Laye, of "Madame Pompadour" fame, photographed at the door of her cottage at Sonning

Well, I for one will not mourn. Not that I don't like colour when it's kept in its proper place. Who could live in this silvery-grey neutral-toned island of ours without longing now and then for the colours of what they call in novels the "voluptuous East"? longings, by the way, which seldom find expression; one isn't brought up perfectly civilised for nothing.

And then, just to prove that there's a heathen streak in the most hopelessly ladylike, came the new handkerchief habit. "What's in a handkerchief?" we said. "Nothing to worry about, even if it does look like a Cubist nightmare. We can be just as soberly black and navy-blue as usual, but, because of the spring and the sunshine, why not play

about with a nice, cheerful silk handkerchief splashed profusely with all the colours of such a rainbow as never was invented?" Why not, indeed? I met the answer in Oxford Street this morning where the sun was shining, and the new "ladylike" spring suits came out, each one with its consoling handkerchief in hues that would have made a butterfly blush. It looked as I imagine Haiti might on a Bank Holiday, if they keep them over there. Not that they would dream of wearing anything so crude. A much-travelled lady has just informed us that they bob their hair and wear beaded frocks, and go to *thés dansants*, just like the rest of us, and the gaudy handkerchief, so Haitian in feeling and in fact, will not have a look-in unless it returns to its native place straight from the Paris shops.

SOMEONE learned in the complexities has discoursed to me of this love of crude colour. "It appeals," so he tells me, "directly to the emotions, which is, after all, the first aim of life and of art. We colourists," he said, "go straight to the point without any beating about the bush in the way of form and detail, and if the world doesn't understand it's the world's loss. People who can prefer a painfully lifeless accuracy to a thrilling psychological experiment are. . . ."

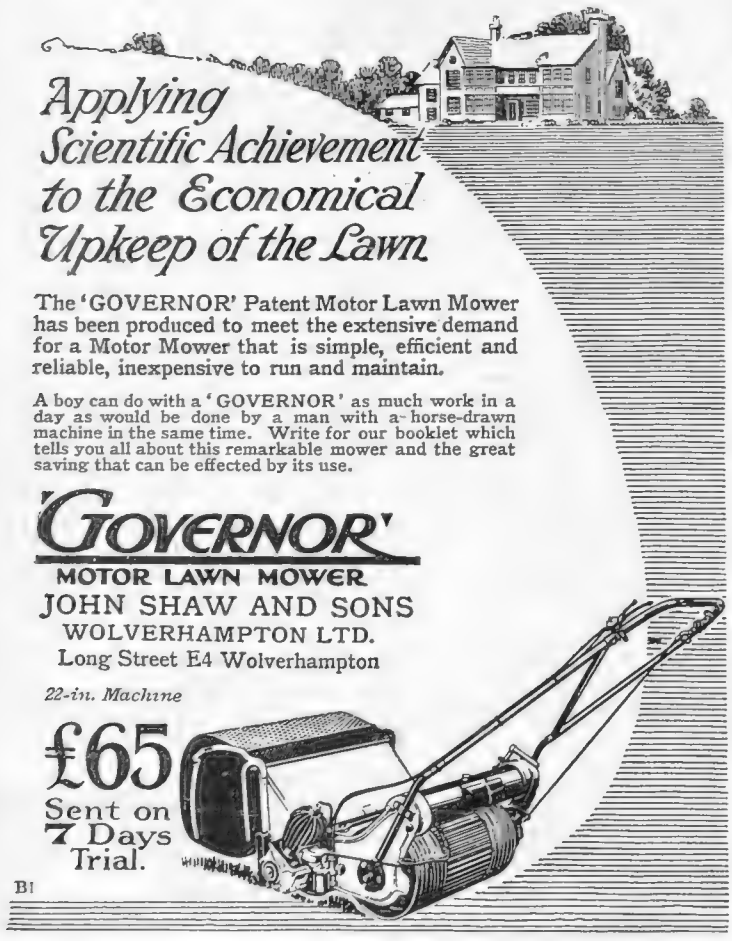
Photograph *Reville*

RING OFF THE OLD, RING UP THE NEW

Miss Marie Lohr in the Reville gown which she wears in "Far Above Rubies," the Sutro play now running at the Comedy Theatre

DEAR, dear, I hadn't suspected our handkerchiefs of being anything so disturbing as a thrilling psychological experiment, which doesn't sound quite nice, does it? Nor have I noticed any serious outbreak of anarchy since we took to wearing them. Perhaps we lack true responsiveness, or else it takes ages of colour licence to break down our really nice manners. But I doubt whether things will get as far as that. In the best circles there's a slight reaction from too much handkerchief. One feels as did the French King—I forget his name—who objected to too much partridge for dinner. "*Toujours perdrix*," he complained, and had no idea that he was committing a classic. The remarks of kings, even when they're merely petulant, are not like our ordinary grumbles. They take on a literary flavour, a subtle sort of wit. Anyway, I said to myself, "*toujours mouchoir*," and was consoled.

CANDIDA



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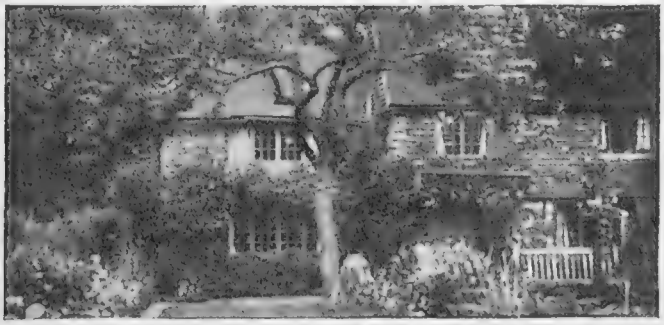

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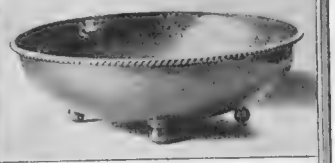

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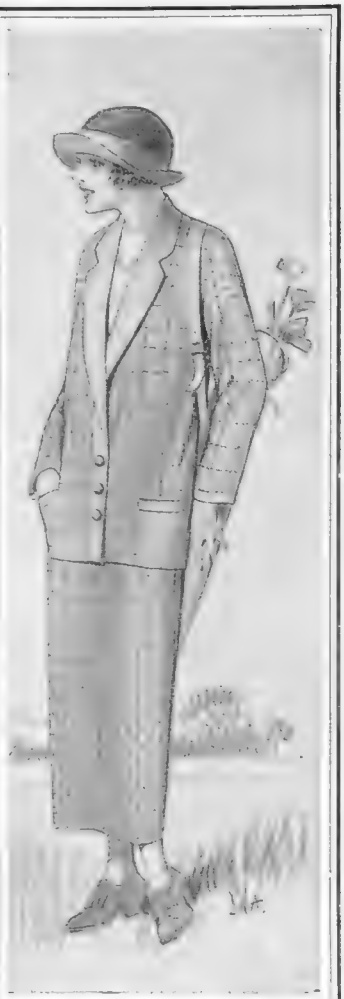

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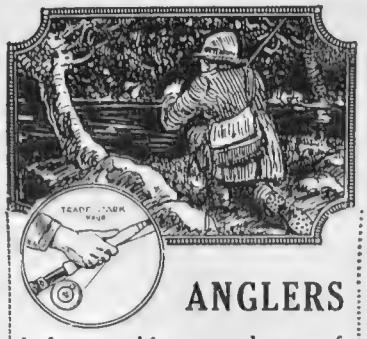

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PRICE **39/6**

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Also in thoroughly reliable washing Crepe Jersey Silk. In Ivory, Pink, Sky, Yellow, Mauve, and Black.

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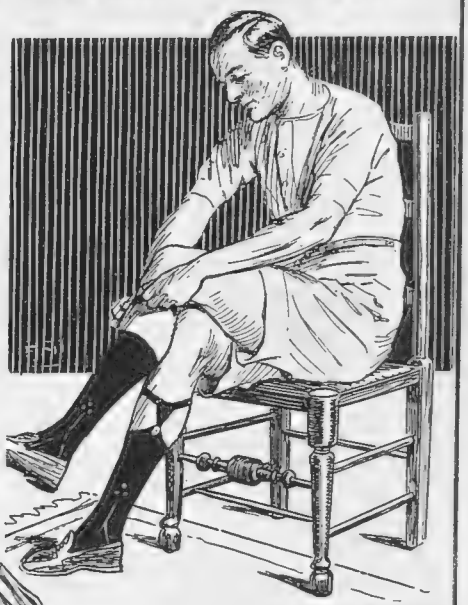

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Sizes 14 to 18 inches three lengths of body. State height and size of collar worn when ordering.

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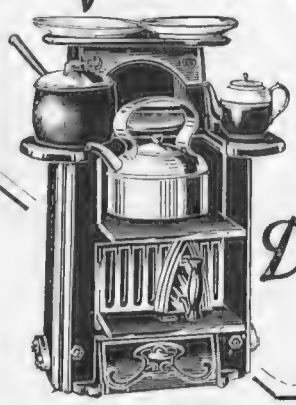

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Prattitudes for MOTORISTS by a MOTORIST

Planning a Tour—

by

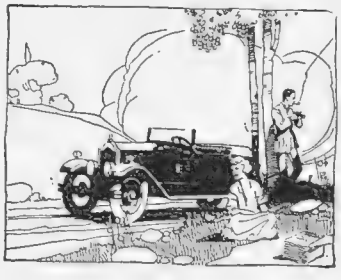
STENSON COOKE

SECRETARY, AUTOMOBILE ASSOCTN

BROADLY, the essentials for a satisfactory motor tour are good roads, cheerful travel and—at the journey's end—comfortable bed and board. Happily, the motor tourist has a breadth of choice denied to the rail traveller. He is free to leave the beaten track and to stop or start without consulting a time-table. Nevertheless, a definite itinerary and some advance knowledge of the best halts are wise precautions. They both save disappointment and are an incentive to complete the ideal programme.

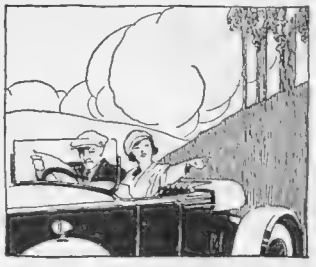
Having decided the length of time to be allowed for it, or, as in the majority of cases, having it settled for you by someone else, it now remains to decide where to go, what to see, and what the cost will be. Where to go? I will not venture to make any suggestion—beyond the obvious, that the time of year limits the choice, as do the power of the car, inclination and purse.

Avoiding the industrial areas, the tour has a wide choice of happy hunting grounds. Scotland, north of Edinburgh to the Caledonian Canal, offers the best natural scenery. Cumberland and Westmorland—the Lake District—rival the Scottish moor and mountains. The trinity of castles, rivers and mountains give to Wales a special charm, and, indeed, the whole of the west of Great Britain is superior to the east in natural beauty. As for England, the Midlands, embracing Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth, Warwick, Lichfield, Shrewsbury, and Ludlow may well be selected for a compact tour. Devon and Cornwall, with their extensive rockbound coast and sheltered bays, their moorland roads and romantic history, are sooner or later the Mecca of most motorists who can afford the time for the long run down. But these are not typical England and could not be, for English scenery is diverse in her parts. So I will not discriminate further. The ultimate choice of a tour rests with the motorist. To settle his doubts let him take a good tour book and contoured map—and then study the pleasant problem.



A word about progress. Most motorists know what suits them best, so I will address myself to the novice. Don't overdo the mileage. Keep it down to 100 or 70, or even less among the hills. To parody Robert Louis Stevenson, it is better to travel leisurely than to arrive breathless and late and disgruntled at the prospect of cold mutton and a shakedown in the annexe.

When to travel? For a British tour I recommend mid-May to mid-July and September. The latter gives shorter days, but better promise of fair weather, and the temperature is invigorating. During these months all the hotels, including the seasonal houses, are open and not overcrowded—a consideration at the popular resorts and in Scotland. For a Continental trip, and excepting Southern Spain and Southern Italy, the best time, as regards weather, is from June to September. But one must not forget that one cannot always secure accommodation on the boats during the July-August period when the carrying capacity is overtaxed.



And now to drop into the second person with a few "Don'ts":—

Don't omit to book rooms in advance whenever possible.

Don't forget to have the car and tyres in as good fettle at starting as you hope to be in when finishing.

Don't disregard good advice! "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety."

Don't burden yourself with luggage. Lay out what articles seem to be necessary, divide by two and add a warm coat.

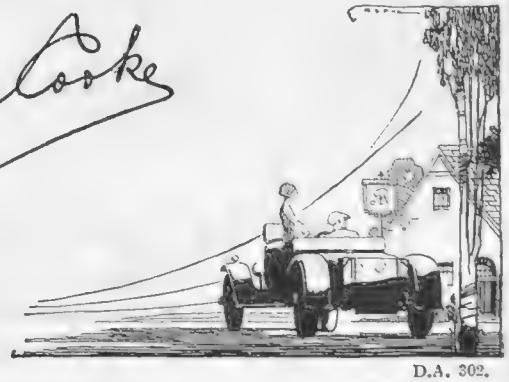
Don't forget to renew insurance and licences.

Don't tell the office where they can get you with business letters.

Don't carry all cash. "Travellers'" cheques are issued by the banks.

Don't "park" in a strange town without first ascertaining what are the local regulations.

Stenson Cooke



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Price	**13/11**	**14/11**	**15/11**

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facing Cleopatra's Needle on the terrace level has been entirely re-decorated and re-furnished in a brilliantly original scheme, a compliment to the gaiety of the great forthcoming season. The wonderful Cecil Cuisine and Service will obtain

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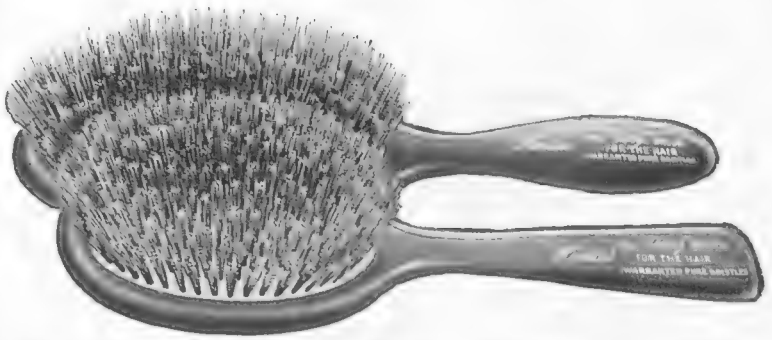
4 p.m. till 6 p.m.

HINDES "VERY" BRUSH



Bristles are the most important feature in a hair brush, and are an expensive item in its construction. In HINDES "Very" every bristle in every tuft plays a part in brushing the hair, the bristle tufts oscillating in unison with *the gently yielding rubber air-cushion* in which the tufts are set. There is no tugging—no pulling—no breaking the hair. It is the gentle, pleasing penetration that makes HINDES "VERY" BRUSH just *the very brush.*

—IT'S A HINDES

Obtainable in ebony, rosewood and English hardwood at 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d. each, from the leading Stores, Hairdressers & Chemists throughout the country.

LIBERTY-CRETONNES

NEW DESIGNS, RICH COLOURS
UNOBTAINABLE ELSEWHERE
FROM 2/6 A YARD. PATTERNS POST FREE

"THE PEACOCK" REGD DESIGN (AS ABOVE)
ON BLUE, TANGO, BLACK, YELLOW, GREY, TAUPE, BRONZE, FAWN & CREAM GROUNDS
30 INS. WIDE 5/6 A YARD
SAMPLE LENGTH ON APPROVAL. LIBERTY & CO. LTD. REGENT ST. W.1.

Own a SINGER and be satisfied

A Story of Satisfaction from THE CLUBMAN.

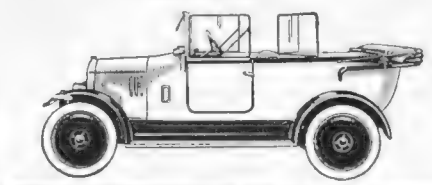
"SO, you are thinking of buying a light car? Wise man! No sense in running about Town or down to the golf club in a big heavy 'bus' on a petrol consumption of no more than 15 m.p.g.—when you can do it easier and with equal comfort in a light car, and get 35 to 40 m.p.g. out of her. Mind what sort of a light car you buy, though. It's easier than ever to make a mistake with the plethora of cars about now-a-days. If you take my tip, you'll get a SINGER. She's a car with a pedigree, and that's just as necessary with cars as with dogs. You can't go wrong if you buy a SINGER. I've got a Four-Seater 'De Luxe' Model that gives me a daily service only equalled by my satisfaction. She runs well enough for anybody! Well built, well sprung, rigid side screens that *do* serve their purpose, and an economy of running that is astonishing. Have another, and drink to the SINGER?"

Here's a Singer to suit every taste.

10 h.p. Popular Two-Seater, £200. 10 h.p. Popular Four-Seater, £215. 10 h.p. De Luxe Two-Seater, £225. 10 h.p. De Luxe Four-Seater, £235. 10 h.p. Saloon, Weymann Body, £275. 15 h.p. Six Cylinder Four-Five Seater, £500. Two-Seater, £450. Weymann Saloon, £500. Rotax Lighting and Starting Equipment. All Singer Cars can be purchased on Deferred Payments through any Singer Agent. Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

SINGER & CO., LTD., COVENTRY.
London Showrooms: 17, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.
London Service Depot: York Works, Brewery Road, Holloway, N.

The Story of the Singer is always a Story of Satisfaction.



H.P.

KON-TAYN-AL
COMPLETE CLOTHING CABINET

Points.

1. Six movable shelves for hats, underwear, etc.
2. Pull-out rack, holds 12 suits or dresses, any one accessible without disturbing the rest.
3. Replaces both wardrobe and chest of drawers.
4. Three distinct compartments.
5. Packs up flat. Easily portable and light, yet absolutely rigid.
6. Dimensions: 5 ft. 9 ins. x 1 ft. 9 in. x 3 ft. 9 ins.

Carriage Paid: Inclusive Price.

£4 : 17 : 6

COMPLETE WITH PLAIN CURTAINS,
Fancy curtains, add **3/6.**

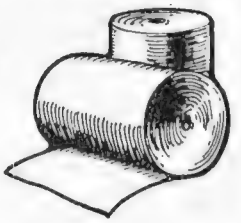
Sent on Ten Days' Free Trial —money back if not delighted.

GET OUR CATALOGUE.

THE KON-TAYN-AL COMPANY,
293, Empire House, 175, Piccadilly, London, W.1

Patent

Plain Carpets and other Floor Coverings



Send for Booklet and Patterns.

ROBERSONS LTD
217 KNIGHTSBRIDGE S.W.7.

The Gossard Line of Beauty

Gossard Brassieres, like Gossard Corsets, are designed for the needs of the nine figure groups. Ask to see the new "Longerlyne" models.

Never before has the corset been so necessary to the correctly gowned woman. It is fashion's decree. Gossard Corsets and Brassieres idealize. They tone down. They give the graceful carriage of youth. And youth is always in style.

In the new Gossard is developed the most advanced principle of front lacing—a modishness and refinement in design for each ot the Gossard nine ideal figure types. Exquisite in materials, dainty in finish, the new Gossard is truly beautiful—wonderful in its effect when worn.

Write us for the names of the better shops in your locality who feature Gossard Corsets and Brassieres. Ask their expert corsetieres for a fitting and see for yourself the Gossard Line of Beauty.

THE BRITISH H. W. GOSSARD CO., LTD.
Largest Makers of Fine Corsets
168 Regent Street, W.1
also at TORONTO, CHICAGO, NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, SYDNEY, BUENOS AIRES
(*Wholesale only*).

Gossard Corsets and Brassieres

INCOMPARABLE

THE purpose which inspired the LINCOLN Car was that it should be a better, a finer and a more delightful car both to own and to operate than the motoring world ever knew.

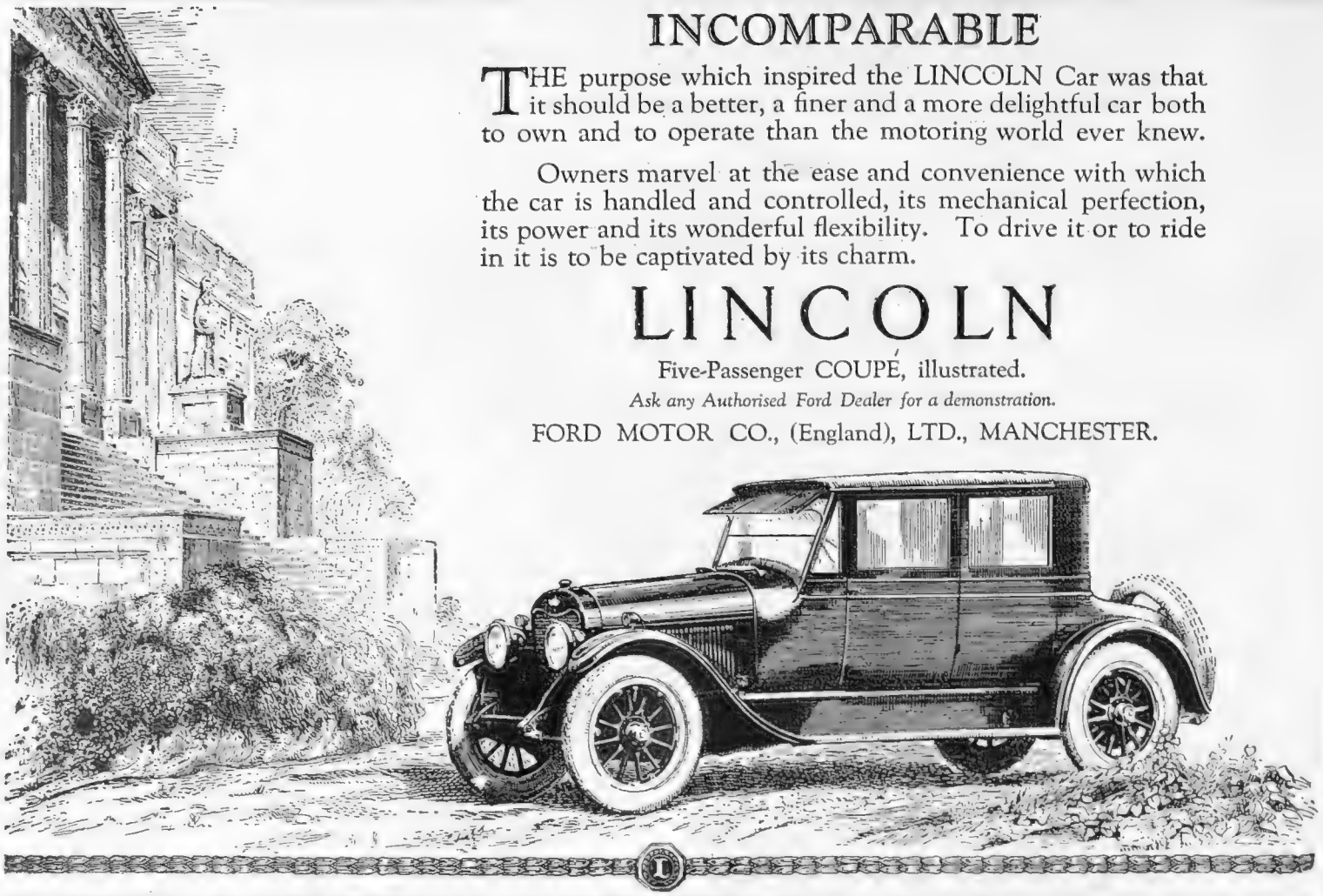
Owners marvel at the ease and convenience with which the car is handled and controlled, its mechanical perfection, its power and its wonderful flexibility. To drive it or to ride in it is to be captivated by its charm.

LINCOLN

Five-Passenger COUPÉ, illustrated.

Ask any Authorised Ford Dealer for a demonstration.

FORD MOTOR CO., (England), LTD., MANCHESTER.



ATTRACTIVE NEW SPRING CHILDREN'S KNITTED SUITS AND COATS

Charming little knitted mercerised Suit in best quality yarn, thoroughly reliable and invaluable for nursery wear. Open stitch design at neck, cuffs and border. Colours: Saxe, Almond, Champagne, White. Sizes 1 to 5. Price **27/6** to **42/-** Also supplied in wool.

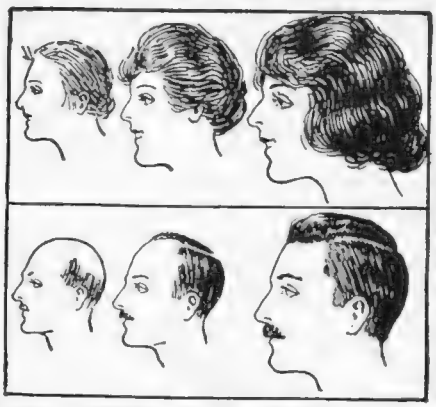
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Charming knitted Dress for girls made in woollen Bouclette finished with binding and embroidery of new design in artificial silk. Colours: Putty, Peacock, Almond, Silver, Navy. Sizes 32 in. to 38 in.

PRICE
67/6 to **75/-**

A REWARD of 100 POUNDS

For bald-headed and beardless.



An elegant growth of beard and hair can be produced when using Comos Hair-Balsam during 8 days. This balsam causes hair and beard to grow on all bald-headed persons or persons with thin hair. "Comos" is the best product of the modern science of this domain, being the only balsam which really produces hair and beard even on persons of old age.

"Comos" brings the dormant Papillæ of the hair to grow again after having been used in a few days, and within a very short time you will have a very vigorous growth of hair. Harmlessness is guaranteed.

If this is not true, we will pay a net amount of 100 Pounds to all bald-headed and beardless persons, or persons with thin hair, who have used the Comos-Balsam for three weeks without any result

One parcel of "Comos" costs £1 0 0, two parcels cost £1 15 0

"Comos" gives to the hair and beard a becoming wave, as well as a soft and delicate texture. It will be sent on application to the head works all over Europe against **payment in advance** or against **cash on delivery. Out of Europe,** payment only in advance.

THE COMOS - MAGAZINE Copenhagen V. Denmark 24

Charming Hair

Scientific research has resulted in that perfect process of beautifying the hair practised by Miss BOUNDFORD — hair treated by Miss BOUNDFORD has that distinctive charm and lustrous beauty so becoming to the discriminating woman of to-day.

Miss V. BOUNDFORD
(Hair Specialist)
20, Maddox Street, W.1.
Established at above address 12 years.
Special Herb Lotion 3/6, 6/6, 12/6 per bottle, post free.
Telephone: Mayfair 2016.

Consultations Daily from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

"BP" British Pioneer Series

The First Rover

Motoring in the early days was a chilly pastime. Such things as hoods, wind-screens and even side-doors were no part of a car's equipment when the first Rover made its appearance—just twenty years ago.

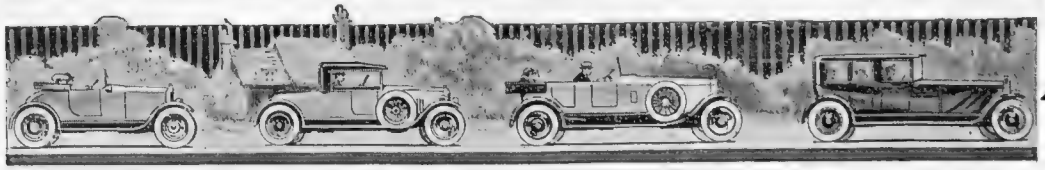
The original Rover "8" was a single-cylinder model of quaint internal design inasmuch as its frame consisted of a casing enclosing the engine and transmission. A novel feature was a device for employing the engine as an air-compressing brake.

It developed 8 h.p. and could do about 25 miles to the gallon of petrol.

To-day, the Rover "8" develops 18 h.p. and can do anything from 45 to 50 miles to the gallon on "BP." Rover cars are tested on "BP." They run best on "BP"—just as all other makes do, too.

For "BP" is essentially a pure petrol of remarkable power and economy.

British Petroleum Co. Ltd. 22, Fenchurch St. London E.C.3.
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.



"BP"

The British Petrol

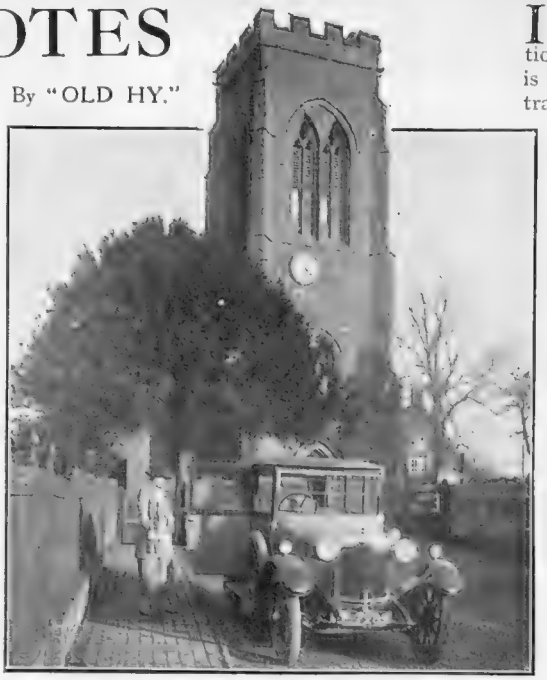
MOTOR NOTES

By "OLD HY."

THOSE motorists who wish to purchase a handy motor-boat ought to send a postcard to the Bergius Co., Ltd., Dobbies Loan, Glasgow, asking them to forward the new catalogue, No. 7, which is now ready. Besides giving the range of open, day cabin, full cabin and sport launches, as well as motor-boats for various special purposes, the catalogue contains all the diagrams and information you may want to know about water-motors. Prices of the complete outfits, boats and engines, range from £154 to over £1,000, so offer a wide choice. All these launches are engined by the builders with their famous Kelvin and Kelvin sleeve-valve engines. They have quite a nice number of boats in stock ready for immediate delivery, so that when the warm weather comes, no time need be wasted to visit creek or river on pleasure bent.

* * *

ANOTHER catalogue that is particularly appropriate at this time of the year is the "Motor-Car Mascots," issued by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of Regent Street, W. This is really a work of art, as the illustrations are excellent and the subjects of the mascots exclusive. The Army, Navy, hunting, racing, sports of all kinds, as well as animals and birds perfect in every detail, are the subjects and they are admirably conceived. They can be reproduced in silver, bronze or metal, as well as in the true colours of the subject. These coloured mascots will withstand all weather and climatic conditions. Also—an advantage worth mentioning—they do not want polishing.

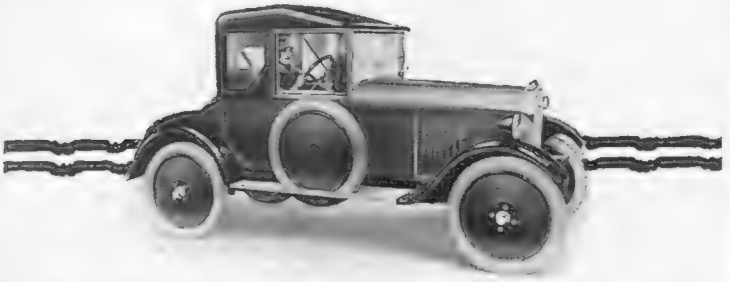


IN OLD NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Mrs. Starley, whose husband is the managing director of the Rover Company, at the door of her 14 h.p. saloon Rover which has been fitted with a Weymann type body

I AM getting very tired of reading about why the two principal motoring organisations do not amalgamate, for the answer is so simple. The A.A. was started by the trade, and protest as they may at this statement, it is the trade that keeps it going, together with the energy of its secretary. Practically every dealer is an agent of the A.A., and gets a commission on every motorist he persuades to join, whether he buys a car from that dealer or not. The R.A.C. associate member was originally a member of some local motor club affiliated to the R.A.C., and later the scheme was widened to include private motorists who did not join local clubs. The R.A.C. associate member is benefited by a get-you-home scheme if his car breaks down in the road, and the A.A. member is warned if there are "police traps" on the highway. Both provide legal assistance if the member is in trouble with the authorities, and both assist their members in giving touring directions and routes, as well as issuing "triptyques" or landing facilities for cars touring abroad. Both demand the same amount of subscription, and neither really give much practical service to the ordinary user to-day, though of inestimable advantage some years ago. But beyond the necessity of motorists having organisations to look closely after Bills promoted in Parliament affecting motorists generally, each could cease to exist without being much missed by the ordinary owner. Racing and its control

(*Continued on page* xvi)



The Daintiest Car on the Road

THE 10 h.p. SWIFT ¾-Coupé Cabriolet made her bow to the public at Olympia in November last, and was promptly acclaimed Queen of the Show. Her equal had never before been seen and thousands paid court to her. The ladies were charmed with her, and "mere man" was captivated by her grace and elegance.

If you have not seen her, and desire to test the accuracy of these statements, just tear out this announcement, write your name and address on it and post it to us. We'll introduce her to you, and if you fail to fall a victim to her many charms, you'll prove an exception to our general experience.

PRICES:

10 h.p. ¾-Coupé Cabriolet **£285**

10 h.p. 2-Seater, with Dickey or "Chummy" Model **£235**

SWIFT

ALL-BRITISH CARS

Manufacturers:

SWIFT OF COVENTRY, LTD., COVENTRY

SHOWROOMS AND SERVICE DEPOTS:

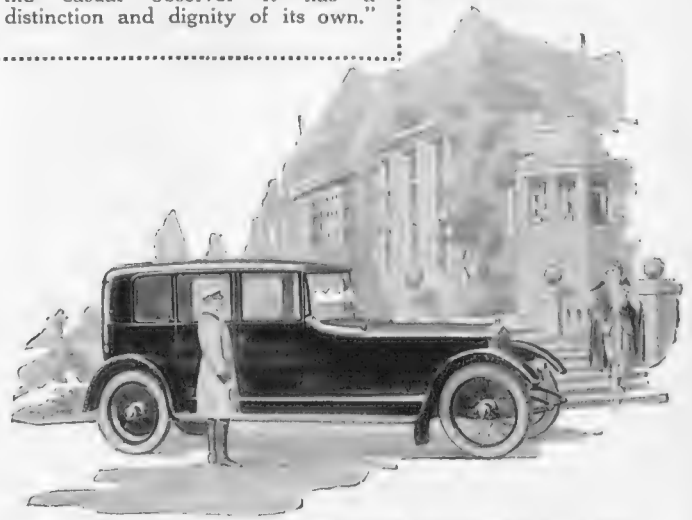
132-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2;
15-17, South King Street, Dublin;
and at Glasgow, Birmingham and Manchester.

LANCHESTER

Read this extract from an article which appeared in the "Autocar" of 29/2/1924.

"But fine car building is an art not so common as may be imagined, requiring knowledge and experience possessed by comparatively few. How many Cars possess the refinements to be found in, say, the Lanchester? Its *ensemble* and detail are so distinctive and original that to even the casual observer it has a distinction and dignity of its own."

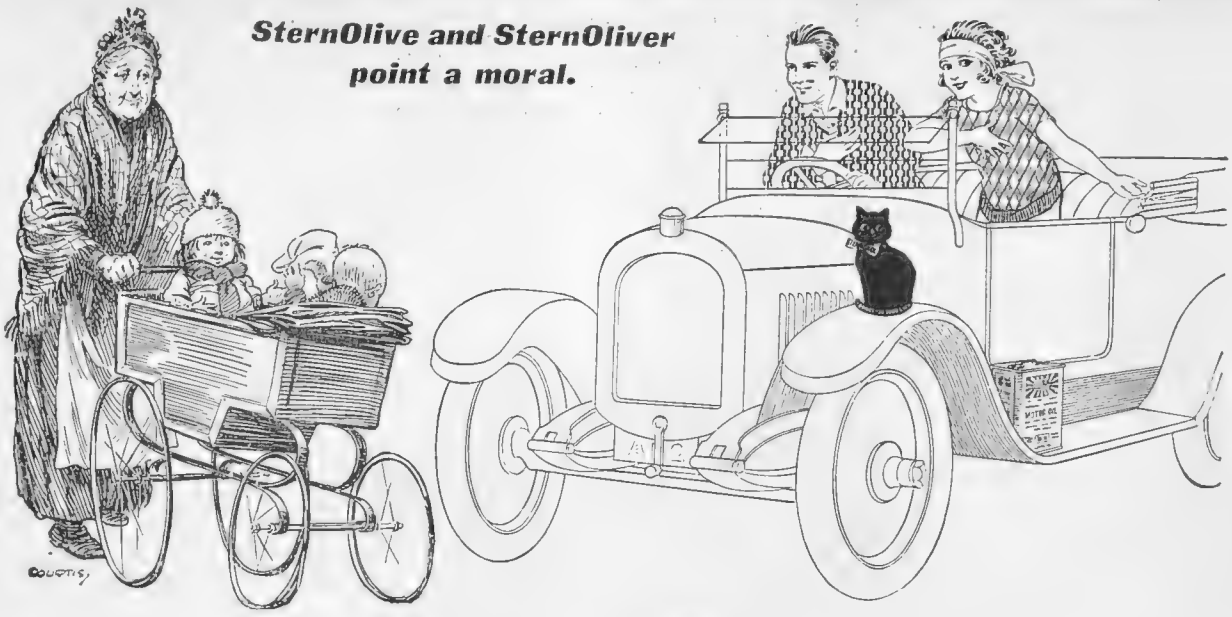
Photographs of the full range of Lanchester 40 H.P. Models are contained in our new illustrated catalogue. We shall be pleased to send you a copy.



THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.,

Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 95, New Bond Street, London, W. 88, Deansgate, Manchester.

SternOlive and SternOliver point a moral.



SternOlive: *Isn't the car a "perfect little gentleman"?*
SternOliver: *So it ought to be, with no worries and plenty of Sternol W.W.*

Polite Manners.

A POLITE taxi-driver is better company than a surly duke, and in just the same way a well-lubricated Ford is more pleasant than a Leviathan of the Road whose spleen has been upset by bad lubricants.

The well-treated car has gentlemanly manners. It is punctual, reliable, soft-voiced, urbane—delightful to own as a friend. The ill-treated car rasps at you and the world, knows nothing of punctuality, shakes you off with a shrug. If you have such a car and wish to reform it, remember the saying:—

"For the stern test, trust Sternol!"

Use Sternol W.W. all the year round—unless your car is air-cooled or one of the few makes for which a special grade of Sternol is manufactured. Twenty years ago it was used as a matter of course by the experienced pioneers of motoring, and to-day it remains the ideal lubricant. It prevents wear, minimises carbon, does not gum, saves money, greatly increases your pleasure—has all the virtues you've probably given up hoping for. Get

STERNOL W.W.
MOTOR OIL

STERNOL

Summer or Winter there is no substitute

Obtain your supplies in the 5-gallon decorated drum, with FREE BRASS TAP. If your usual dealer does not stock, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Write for post-free booklets, etc., to

STERNS LTD., 156, ROYAL LONDON HOUSE, FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C.2

The official concessionaires of lubricants for all plant, British Empire Exhibition, Palace of Engineering.

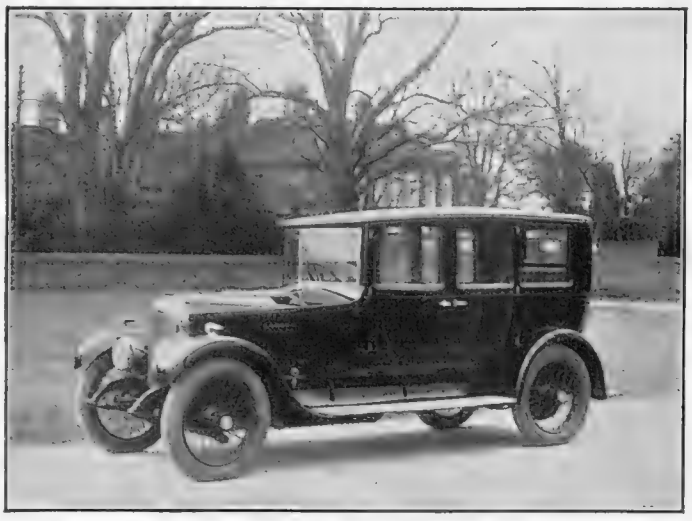
"STERNOL OILS MAKE ENGINES PURR LIKE PUSSIES."
"AMBROLEUM CLINGS TO THE TEETH."

MOTOR NOTES (*concluded*)

and trials to promote improvement in cars, is in the province of the R.A.C. itself, which fathers the associate member, and that, of course, is the body that, like the Jockey Club, has its proper functions. Consequently, anybody can see that the two organisations are too widely apart in their origin to ever join up together. The R.A.C. started as a social club and society for the improvement of motors, while the A.A. started to keep the roads clear of police obstruction to the user. Subsequent development only came about as an incentive to get subscriptions.

* * *

I HAVE just completed slightly over 12,000 miles on Dunlop straight-sided cord tyres without a single puncture or mishap of any nature. What is more remarkable than this freedom of incident is the wonderful state the treads are in, as the pattern appears almost as clear cut and unworn as when these covers were first fitted. I have never run them inflated to more than 40 lbs. pressure per square inch—more often it is 35 lbs. for the back tyres, although my car loaded weighs roughly one ton. There is no doubt, in my mind, that the Dunlop straight-sided tyres hold the road better than the beaded-edge type. They certainly keep my car from skidding, which it used to do on higher inflated beaded-edge type tyres. How many more thousand miles these covers will run I cannot tell, but I should not be surprised if they were good for another 10,000 miles barring accidents. At their price to-day these Dunlop straight-sided cord covers bring tyre costs down almost to a vanishing point. In any case no user of them will have any tyre bills to pay for two years. I certainly have given mine harsh treatment including a cross-country journey over the sandy wastes of Laffan Plain, over freak hill courses on various trials, besides a general road-average speed on longish journeys of 27 to 30 miles per hour, which means hustling where you can with safety.



A NEW VAUXHALL VENTURE

The new 23-60 Vauxhall "Carlton" enclosed limousine. The car is intended for either owner- or chauffeur-driving, and seats seven persons

* * *

MY old friend, Moore-Brabazan, M.P. for Chatham, is endeavouring to get a Road-Racing Bill through Parliament so that the Auto-Cycle Union can hold its annual Tourist Trophy contests in England or Wales in place of the Isle of Man. This, of course, needs the support of the Ministry of Transport, to whom, under this proposition, will be given power to close the public roads (after consent by the local authority) in order that the motor-cyclist may race and practise on them unimpeded by other traffic. Its title, the "Motor-Cycle Races Bill, 1924," might be amended by eliminating the word "cycle," and let the proposal apply to all types of motors. There are plenty of pleasure resorts which would willingly subscribe all the money to erect the grand stands, repair the roads after the races, and other incidental expenses, simply for the huge number of additional visitors such contests would bring to their hotels, lodgings, boarding houses, and the additional business tradesmen would gain. But I had better wait until the second reading has been given to the Bill before making any further comments.

OLD HY.

REPUDIATION

SHELL-MEX, LTD.,
SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, W.C.2.

A good Stock

of GOLD BLOCK puts a premium on smoking-enjoyment. This deliciously cool, sweet-smoking cut plug tobacco is a trifle more expensive than the ordinary kinds. But it is made for the man who places more importance on the quality of the 'Smoke.'

Of all Tobacconists and Stores.

1-oz. Packet - 1/3½
2-oz. Packet - 2/7
¼-lb. Tin - - - 5/2

GOLD BLOCK
CUT PLUG

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited, Successors in the United Kingdom to D. Ritchie & Co. G.B.20

Houses, and even large estates, are obtained out of income. Why not motor cars?

Your car is a part of your home. Get it the same way.

IF you had waited till you could buy your home outright you might still be without one.

But your home has brought you comfort and satisfaction. So would a car . . . and you can acquire one as simply as your home, without disturbing a single investment. You can drive away a Chevrolet 5-Seater Touring Car for £62 12s., the balance being divided into twelve monthly payments of £12 1s. The General Motors plan, financed by themselves and exclusive to their own clients, is sound, dignified and economical.

The Chevrolet, a stable companion of the Buick, is now designed to suit English tastes.

Powerful, smooth-running engine.

Handsome bodies, finished in rich colours with upholstery to match.

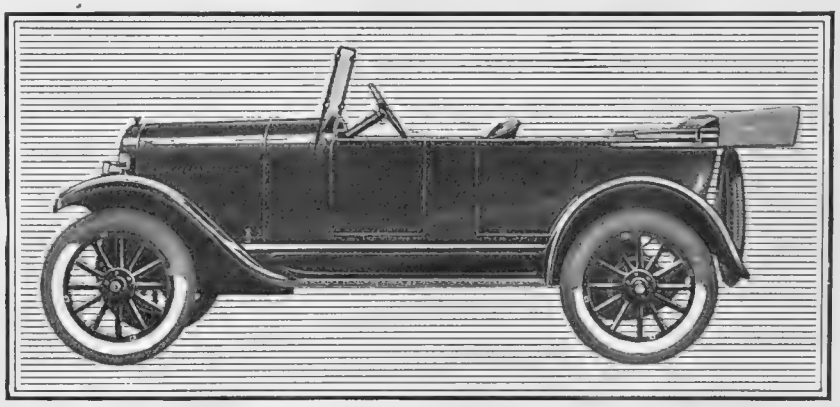
Touring Car accommodates in comfort five adults.

Consumption: Petrol 25-30 m.p.g.; Oil, 1,000 m.p.g.

Equipment includes electric lighting and starting sets, spare rim and tyre.

Price of Standard Touring Car with all extras, £199.

GENERAL MOTORS, LTD., THE HYDE, HENDON, N.W 9.



Chevrolet Standard 5-Seater Touring Car, £199.

CHEVROLET

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Your local Chevrolet dealer will give you full particulars of the General Motors plan of deferred payments and will demonstrate the merits of the car. Write for his name and address.

In what ways is Ciro Pearl service Unique?

Madam—

The service we render to purchasers of Ciro Pearls begins with the expert advice our long experience enables us to give in the selection of those pearls which best harmonise with your individual characteristics. But the interest we take in

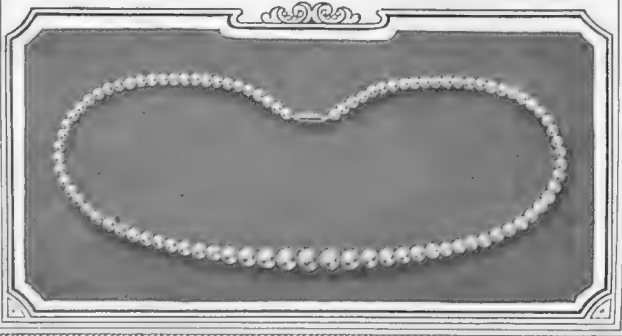
Ciro Pearls

does not cease at the point of selling. It is continuous. So long as you are wearing them we watch over their welfare. You can come to us whenever your Ciro Pearls need re-stringing; whenever you desire to exchange any of your pearls for larger or smaller sizes, different colourings, or to alter any detail of length or gradation of your necklet. This efficient service is ever at your command, and by the unique benefits it confers on wearers of Ciro Pearls ensures the Perpetual Satisfaction which is the outstanding feature of our successful Service

We cordially invite everyone to inspect the unique collection of pearls at our showrooms, or we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with solid gold clasp, in charming case, on receipt of One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and compare them with any real pearls. If any difference is noticeable, you may return them to us and we will refund your money in full.

Our new Booklet No. 7 tells all about Ciro Pearls, post free on request

Ciro Pearls Ltd
178 REGENT ST. LONDON W. 1. Dept 7
48 OLD BOND ST. LONDON W. 1
44 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON E.C. 2
25 CHURCH ST. LIVERPOOL



BEAUTIFUL USERS OF BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN TOILET PREPARATIONS

MISS DOROTHY MINTO
the charming and well-known Actress, writes:

Dear Sirs,
I find your "Georgian" Soap exceptional. Down to the last little piece there is a beautiful smell about it.
Yours faithfully,
DOROTHY MINTO.

Bristow's Toilet Preparations can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores throughout the country.

T. F. BRISTOW & Cº Lº
Established 1777
Clerkenwell, LONDON.
Perfumers & Makers of Superfine Soap from George III to George V

BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN SOAP
10ᵖ per Tablet.
BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN BEAUTY POWDER
1/3 & 2/6

"MAKE BEAUTY A DUTY"

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN

THÉ DANSANT FROCKS

Thé Dansant Frock *in good quality georgette, lined silk throughout, cut on simple attractive lines, specially suitable for young figures. The lace cape effect which forms the sleeve is also introduced on the skirt. In Black, White, Tan, Beige, Grey and a few other artistic colours.*

PRICE
7½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

BY the time this issue appears in print we should be in the thick of it, and our shops doing a thriving trade with the many overseas visitors, who will find the old country going strong in the matter of clothes. Although a great deal of black, and black and white, is still being worn, together with sombre-coloured gowns and suits, there is gaiety enough in hats and little coats, embroideries, scarves and those clever splashes of colour adroitly introduced in everything and in so many diverse ways and fashions.

It should be illuminative to hear the opinion of Colonials on the dress aspect of England. One wonders whether they will appreciate the cleverness beneath the many demure little frocks and neat coats and skirts, the bright-coloured handkerchiefs worn round the throat, the scarves, the shingled heads and close-fitting hats. Apropos of tailor-mades, I am particularly enamoured of suits of flannel-cloth, sometimes plain, and again of a sort of mixture. In pale grey these have the most delightfully cool appearance, the skirts plain, not wrap over, and coats double-breasted. Worn with a hat entirely red, or with a good deal of red in its composition, a neck handkerchief of red and yellow and brown, an *en tout cas* to match and small red *pochette*, this representing attire for morning wear or a day at Wembley will be hard to beat.

LONG SLEEVES RE-ENTER

A two-piece suit of brown silk marocain and embroidered crepe de Chine, from Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

Sketches by "Beta"

Painted Canvas and Plaited Ribbon

A VERY embarrassment of riches awaits those who are seeking *le dernier cri* in hats at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. The large ground floor space allotted to these persuasions is sufficiently significant of the esteem in which the taste of this firm is held, and this season they are showing quite exceptionally lovely models, the choice embracing everything from the simplest pull-ons and country *chapeaux* to magnificent be-feathered Ascot confections. Essentially of the moment is the small helmet-shape illustrated, the brim slightly rolled up in front, of painted canvas. The general impression conveyed is a delicate Oriental colouring that can be worn with almost any gown, a handsome motif of plaited ribbon trimming the front and finishing at one side in long streamers weighted with a square of the plaited ribbon. Any and everything that can dangle at one side is an obsession just now.

HATS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

Two attractive models from Dickins and Jones, of Regent Street. The upper hat is of painted canvas trimmed with brown pleated ribbon, the lower is of rough straw trimmed with a wreath of silk flowers and leaves

As was pointed out to me, the advantage of such an exhaustive selection is that every taste and purse is suited, and this, in a large representative house like Dickins and Jones, is well worth bearing in mind. For the country and sports wear I was much attracted by some jolly little pull-on hats with flexible brims, fashioned of a light-weight wool plaid, that, complete with scarf to match, cost only 2 guineas the set; while equally suitable to the country or morning wear in town, with cotton frocks, is the natural straw hat pictured, wreathed with ribbon petals in wallflower colourings, a model that is obtainable in several other colour combinations at the one price of 35*s*.

The Two-Piece Suit with Sleeveless Coat

THE craze for short sleeves in day frocks, though not actually over, is very much diminished in favour. the revived long ones bringing in their train the erstwhile popular sleeveless coat. Older women especially will welcome the change, and also the smart dignified two-piece costumes that Gorringe, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., are making such a feature of this season. The "Carlotta," sketched by our artist, is an exceedingly handsome example effected in a warm full shade of brown marocain and crepe de Chine, the latter embroidered all over in a delicate design with pale biscuit soutache, the coat conforming to the decreed straight lines, and minus sleeves. A deep border of the plain marocain, carried all round, is ornamented up either side by a serried line of tiny self-covered buttons, a charming completing touch being imparted by a scarf trimmed at the ends with a band of the embroidery, and for an exclusive model Gorringe's price of 19 guineas is by no means excessive.

The high standard of value maintained by Gorringe is mightily refreshing in these days of cheap, ordinary, little reach-me-down frocks, and nowhere will women who desire to be dressed with dignity and distinction find a choice more to their liking.

The Irrepressible Knitted Suit

QUITE undisturbed by its many cheap plagiarisms and would-be rivals, the really high-class knitted coat and skirt proceeds serenely on its way. But it has to be first-class with those who value their personal

appearance, and that it is so goes without saying when it emanates from Greensmith Downes, 145, George Street, Edinburgh. In view of the continued steady demand, this firm has issued a beautifully printed list, the models shown therein being illustrated in colour. This list is to be ready by May 1, and will be willingly sent to any reader of THE BYSTANDER making application.

Primarily the yarn used in this firm's "Alba" costume is pure Scotch wool, and that of itself bespeaks wear, added to which the designs and colourings are always in the best taste, and in conformance with the latest fashionable decrees, though, on the other hand, one regards the firm as leaders rather than followers, for what they dictate to-day others essay to-morrow. Another important thing to bear in mind is that they have no agents. The "Alba" knitted goods can only be obtained direct from 145, George Street.

Sportswomen will be especially pleased with the "Coravon," illustrated, a model that is carried out in charming marled colourings, the collar being of the second shade introduced in the following schemes: Brown-fawn, navy-lovat, mole-blue, and black and grey; while those who have a preference for dresses are strongly advised to consider the "Bervie," of pure cashmere stockinette, the skirt of which is most effectively braided, and ready to step into, is only 55*s.* 6*d.* Also the "Barrisdale," of knitted pure wool, an attractive

FOR THE SPORTSWOMAN

An example of the famous "Alba" knitted costumes from Greensmith Downes, 145, George St., Edinburgh. The "Coravon" is carried out in charming marled colourings with collar of another shade

embroidery being executed on the upper part in contrasting coloured wool, this in a long range of artistic combinations, coming out at 39*s.* 6*d.*

Exhibition of Textiles and Laces

THE promoters of the Bradford and Nottingham British Empire Committees have every reason to feel gratified by the response to the invitations they sent out for a private mannequin display held at Claridge's recently. With but a short break the show went on from 11 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock, and under the direct patronage of Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, everybody of note appeared to be there. In fact, the crowd at one time was so great it was difficult to disentangle the mannequins from the exceedingly well-dressed throng.

The exquisite lace confections were accorded much close attention, and these left very little doubt that Nottingham has fully retrieved its lost prestige. It has furthermore gone ahead to an almost incredible degree, not only in reproduction *dentelles* but in every conceivable modern fantasy of metal and dyed silk laces.

From the Yorkshire looms there came wonderful striped silks, brocades, and jacquard materials, a novel cloth being entitled "Harewood" in compliment to Princess Mary. There is, too, a new Royonnée process that is applicable to brocades and plain materials that is likely to go far. The coats, three-piece suits, afternoon gowns,

(*Continued on page* xxii

When smuggling was practised, tobacco was limited in variety and origin. Now many lands contribute varieties having distinctive qualities, the perfect blend of which is "SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE"

Smith's Glasgow Mixture

MILD, MEDIUM, FULL.

F & J. SMITH, GLASGOW.

Manufacturers of High-class Virginia Cigarettes, (Bouquet Size)

1/- per Oz.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

DIURETIC MINERAL WATER.

VITTEL
GRANDE SOURCE

The treatment for
URIC ACID, GOUT, GRAVEL, KIDNEY & LIVER TROUBLES.

Recommended by Physicians.

20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD YEARLY.

From Hotels, Restaurants, Chemists, and THE APOLLINARIS CO., Ltd., 4, STRATFORD PLACE, W.1

THE VITTEL MINERAL WATER Co., 52, CHARLOTTE STREET, W.1.

No house is secure without a Watch Dog
Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S Pedigree trained
AIREDALES

Largest Kennels in England. Open daily. Best **ladies' guards**, and companions. Safe with children, not quarrelsome, specially trained against **BURGLARS**—From **10 Gns.** Pups **5 Gns.** Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts. Easy drive of London or 30 minutes from Liverpool St.
Tel: 52 Broxbourne.

HOFMANN

THE Hofmann Baby Grand Piano has long been famous for its wonderful Tone-Quality, and its responsiveness to the delicate touch of the artist—at 75 to 115 Gns. This instrument represents the most extraordinary value ever offered to the British Public—on view in the showrooms of VALES,
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ROMANO
JAZZ-BAND. ATTRACTIONS AND VARIETIES.
Programme changed weekly.
14, Rue Caumartin, PARIS.
Lunch Fr. 17 Dinner Fr. 20
Champagne Fr. 45 Drinks Fr. 6
Dancing from Dinner to Midnight.

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Charcoal Biscuits
are a valuable Stomach corrective. One or two after meals will keep you right.
Sample tin post free for 1/10
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.
Purveyors of Rusks and Shortbread to H.M. the King
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BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and to give the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening.

Personal and interested attention is given to ladies unable to pay a visit, and patterns, estimates or suggestions to meet individual requirements are gladly sent with special measurement form on application.

A charming gown expressed in cinnamon brown rep cloth. The wide collar effect with harmonising embroidery is both new and becoming **16 gns.**

SEPARATE CATALOGUES are issued for MATERNITY GOWNS, Little Ones' CLOTHES, COTS, etc., also GOWNS FOR ORDINARY WEAR
Kindly apply for any of interest to you.

BARRI, Ltd., 33, New Bond Street, W.1

PAPER POCKET HANDKFS.
AS ESSENTIAL AS FRESH AIR. Destroyed after use, they arrest the infection in
NASAL CATARRH, INFLUENZA, COLDS,
Hay-fever, Measles, etc. *Pure white, soft "Silky Fibre,"* **50** for **2/-**. Also "Papier Crepon," thicker, **50** for **1/9**. Get **"TOINOCO"** brand at your chemist's and avoid self-infection with a fabric handkerchief. **Post Free.**
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8 Hours from Southampton.
18 Hole Golf.
The Most Equable Climate.
The Most Reasonable Terms.
Apply for Season Terms (July-Sept.)
CRYSTAL HOTEL 1st class, inclusive from 35 fr.
MICHELET HOTEL inclusive from 25 to 35 fr.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

sporting costumes, and evening toilettes in which these were shown all following the latest dictates of *La Mode*.

It was surely a revelation to many that Bradford and the surrounding neighbourhood is as prolific in the production of silken weaves and gossamer fabrics as those of wool. At the forthcoming exhibition at Wembley not only will all these creations be on view, but nine power looms are being erected to demonstrate the weaving of the various materials, from the heaviest cloths to the softest of silks.

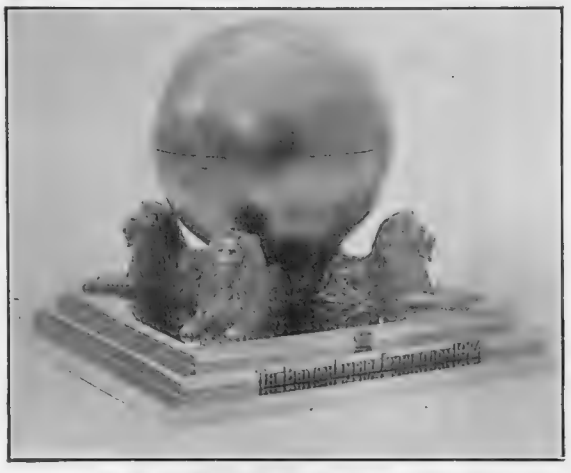
Bath Salts of Curative Value

YET another leaf—and a big one—has to be added to the crown so long worn by Mrs. Hemming of Cyclax fame. It has taken this leading authority no less than ten years to perfect the Cyclax Violet Ray Bath Salts. In their composition she had a specific end in view, the relief of rheumatism and gout, and she is now quite satisfied by results that she has succeeded to a really remarkable degree.

The salts not only soften the water, but stimulate the circulation of the blood, thus producing a state of radiant health. Used to remove the effects of rheumatism and acidity, Violet Ray salts do not in any way cause loss of flesh. Whereas by doubling the amount those suffering from obesity will find them equally efficacious. In fact, obstinate cases may even redouble the dose, as the salts are absolutely non-injurious.

The salts are deliciously perfumed, and can be used in the ordinary way. Then as to the matter of price. The salts are put up in two sizes. A 24 oz. bottle, sufficient for twelve baths, and a 12 oz., these selling, respectively, at 7*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.*, and they are obtainable at 58, South Molton Street, W.1, and also at all high-class chemists and stores.

It must be added that while using this treatment it is wholly unnecessary to diet or take internal remedies.



A MEMENTO OF A MEMORABLE DAY

The gold casket presented to the King at the official opening of the British Empire Exhibition last Wednesday. It was designed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent St., W.1

Fair Exchange

"4711"—It's a magic number on the little wicker-covered bottles of eau-de Cologne. There must surely be that number of occasions when it can be used to refresh, to take away the tired feeling, to ease the nervous headache. So it is well-named. The new little watch-shaped bottle is very handy for carrying about, and its big brother standing on the dressing-table is a friend and solace at all times. A few drops in the toilet-basin or bath refresh the body and help the complexion, and its effect is always soothing and refreshing. But everyone knows this, for the blue and gold label of "4711" is known all over the world. One only needs a reminder now and then, so I offer this note without apology. It is surely a fair exchange—the little trouble of putting a tiny bottle of "4711" eau-de-Cologne in one's vanity case in exchange for headache and lassitude in a stuffy theatre.

Right for a Tea

The manufacturers of Borwick's Baking Powder are not content with producing baking powder of a very fine quality, they are so anxious that their product shall be used to the fullest advantage that they have issued some attractive new recipes to go with it. The following is the recipe for making cherry cake. Take the weight of one egg in sugar, flour and margarine, 2 ozs. of glacé cherries, and one teaspoonful of Borwick's Baking Powder. Cream margarine and castor sugar together, add egg, and beat briskly. Sieve in the flour with the baking powder, beat for seven minutes and add the cherries when quartered. Pour mixture into well-greased tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

"SWAN" PENS

World famous for Durability.

Self-filling type from 15/-
Standard type from 10/6

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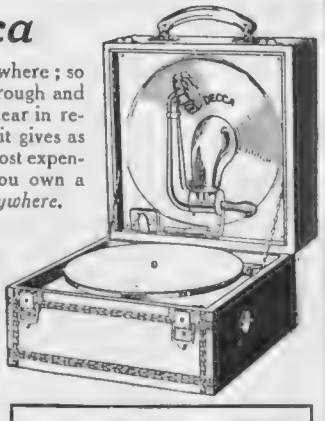
Wonderful Decca

So light and compact you can carry it anywhere; so strong and well made that it stands the rough and tumble of travel; so natural in tone, so clear in reproduction and so ample in volume that it gives as much musical pleasure as the largest and most expensive gramophones. *Indeed more,* for if you own a Decca you can have music—*any time, anywhere.*



THE DECCA
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

8 Models from £3:3:0 to £9:9:0
Of Music Dealers, Stores, etc.

Decca Book, containing unique photographs received from Decca enthusiasts, post free from "DECCA," 34, Worship St., London, E.C.2. (*Proprietors, Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd.*)

On Exhibition at WHITE CITY (B.I.F.). WEMBLEY (British Empire Exhibition).

HALL'S DISTEMPER
(REGD TRADE MARK)

THE OIL-BOUND WATER PAINT.

For new or old homes!

There is no decoration to compare with Hall's Distemper in artistic beauty, or in the practical advantages it offers.

Decoration with Hall's Distemper in place of wall-paper will so freshen up the "old home" as to give all the benefits of a change to a new one.

Sole Manufacturers:

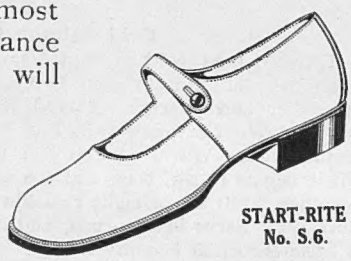
By Appt. to H.M. The King.

SISSONS BROTHERS & Co., Ltd., HULL & London.

The Danger of One-sided Wear.

PICK up your child's shoes frequently and see whether the heels are wearing evenly. During toddling days and school days tender constant care is needed to make the limbs grow straight and sturdy. A drooping arch shows immediately in excessive wear on the inside of the foot. Another common weakness is a tendency to flat foot which creases the uppers, especially around the instep. If your child is already wearing START-RITE Shoes these faults will not be found, because by a very simple alteration in the construction of the shoe additional support is given to the foot just where it is most needed. A glance at the diagram will show how the extension of the heel on the inside of the foot keeps the ankle straight and spreads the wear evenly over the sole and heel. Then inside the shoe the leather stiffener—too short in the ordinary shoe—forms an arch that supports the instep. Get for your child the aid START-RITE alone can give.

This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards



START-RITE No. S.6.

A very useful yet smart shoe for children between 3 and 14 years. The uppers are of finest Brown Willow Calf; for outdoor wear; the soles are a good medium weight, and heels just nicely balanced.

S 6. Willow Calf 1-Bar, Nature Formed 4 & 4x Fittings

5-6½	7-8½	9-10½	11-12½	13-1½	2-3½
13/3	14/3	15/3	16/3	17/-	19/-

S.15. Fine Box Calf 1-Bar, Nature Formed 4x Fitting

5-6½	7-8½	9-10½	11-12½	13-1½	2-3½
12/-	12/9	13/9	14/6	15/3	16/9

S.11. Best Patent Colt 1-Bar, Nature Formed 4x Fitting

5 6½	7-8½	9-10½	11-12½	13-1½	2-3½
14/3	15/3	16/3	17/3	18/3	19/9

S.10. White McBuck 1-Bar, Nature Formed 4x Fitting

5-6½	7-8½	9-10½	11-12½	13-1½
14/3	15/3	16/6	17/3	18/6

START-RITE

Patented

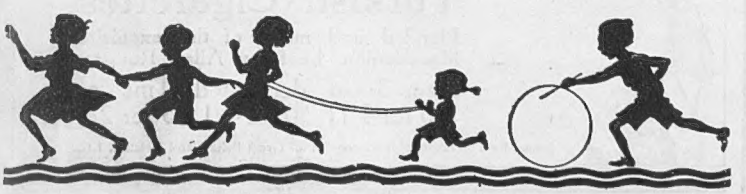
CHILDREN'S IMPROVED FOOTWEAR

We still have a few copies left of the Prince's Zoo Book which also gives full particulars of START-RITE Shoes. If you have not already had a copy, send a post-card for one to-day mentioning this paper. Also for name of nearest START-RITE Agent.

JAMES SOUTHALL & COMPANY, LTD.
NORWICH.

FAMOUS FOR FINE FOOTWEAR SINCE 1792.

(Also Makers of Lightfoot and Thelma Shoes for Ladies.)



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New and Distinctive

Tissue Head-dress

For the Lady with shingled or bobbed Hair who is being presented, the Tissue Head-dress (AF352) is an ideal bandeau. It is made from a soft flexible material, fastening over neatly at the back of the head and holding the plume in the correct position without any trouble or discomfort. Can be rolled down to a narrow ribbon effect over forehead or worn broader as a band. In Gold, Silver, Oxydised or light evening colourings. **29/6**

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SELF- ADJUSTING

CORSETS FOR FULL FIGURES

The model shown is one of many in the wide range of specially designed 'Abdo' Corsets for Full Figures, now being displayed in the Corset Salons at Swan & Edgar's. A visit is invited and cordially welcomed, and an experienced corsetière is in daily attendance to advise and assist, if necessary, in the selection of the correct corset for all figures.

No. 810. 'Abdo' Figure Reducing Corset, in Spot Broché, with four tier skirt. Designed with high back to give full support. Graduated under arms to a very low bust. Small elastic gusset inserted under bust. Sizes 25 to 40 inches. 42/-

Also in Black with colour. 52/6.

You can order by post with complete confidence any style or size of corset you require. Your instructions will be executed by an expert corsetière. Satisfaction is assured, or your money refunded without question.

Swan & Edgar Ltd

PICCADILLY CIRCUS W.1.

THE SALMON SEASON

SALMON—A WHOLE FISH
SALMON MAYONNAISE
MAYONNAISE SAUCE
SALMON CUTLETS
SALMON SOUFFLÉ
COLD SALMON CREAMS

Salmon—A Whole Fish

WASH and scrape it after it has been cleaned. Place it on a strainer in a fish kettle with plenty of hot water, and a cup of vinegar; bring it slowly to the boil, and then draw it to the side of the stove and let it simmer gently, allowing about ten minutes to the pound for cooking, drain it well, slip it carefully off the strainer, and garnish it with slices of lemon and cucumber, and parsley; serve with sauce Tartare and dressed cucumber.

Salmon Mayonnaise

Put the salmon (about 2 or 3 lbs.) in boiling salted water, bring to the boil, then simmer gently for about half an hour, according to the thickness of the fish. Let it cool in the water in which it was boiled. Remove the skin and place the salmon on a dish; pouring over it enough liquid aspic just to coat it thinly. When required, surround with crisp young lettuce leaves, slices of cucumber, slices of hard-boiled egg, a scattering of finely-chopped aspic jelly, and a thick coating of mayonnaise sauce.

Mayonnaise Sauce

Put into a bowl the yolks of two fresh eggs, a little salt and white pepper, one level teaspoonful of mustard, and one good dessertspoonful of Tarragon vinegar. Mix these thoroughly with a whisk, and then add sufficient oil to make the quantity of sauce required, adding it at a few drops at a time, and then by spoonfuls; if the sauce is too thick, add a little more vinegar.

Salmon Cutlets

Cut some slices of salmon about an inch thick from any part of a salmon (the tail end makes the neater cutlets), season each one with pepper and salt, spread a little butter on, place them in a fire-proof dish, cover with grease-proof paper, and cook them in a hot oven, or under the grill. Serve with melted butter, cucumber or green peas and new potatoes.

Salmon Soufflé

Make a sauce with 1 oz. of butter, ½ oz. of flour, and a quarter of a pint of milk. Stir until it thickens. Add one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce and the yolk of an egg. Rub 2 ozs. of cooked salmon through a sieve. Season well with salt and cayenne. Add the fish to the other ingredients. Last of all, stir in the white of an egg beaten stiff. Put a buttered paper round, half fill with the mixture and bake in a quick oven.

Cold Salmon Creams

Three ounces cold salmon, one gill calf's foot jelly (wine flavoured), half gill of cream, two teaspoonfuls lemon juice, sliced cucumber and paprika. Pound the salmon in a mortar, and rub it through a wire sieve. Put it in a pan with the jelly and lemon juice. Warm enough just to melt. Leave the mixture till it begins to set, then add the whipped cream and beat both together. Fill six or eight ramekin cases and place them on ice until set. Serve in the cases, and decorate the top of each with a little shredded cucumber.

EMILIA

Rheumatism banished

by always drinking

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

THE FRENCH NATURAL MINERAL WATER.

This Water is regularly imported, and can be obtained at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, &c.

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DRINK and ENJOY *the* WORLD'S FINEST COFFEE

as Grown for Connoisseurs, and Supplied to the Bombay Yacht Club, and other exclusive Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants.

"The quality of a host and hostess is made known to their guests by the *quality* of the Coffee they provide."

Send 6d. stamps for (packing and postage) a Trial Supply (4 Coffee Cups of Delicious **Café Noir,** or 6 of **Café au Lait**), with Illustrated Booklet, containing—Notes on the Making of Really Choice Coffee—The Romance of Coffee—The Cultivation in Mysore State, India, of HARMANEE COFFEE for Connoisseurs—the Different Roastings, etc.

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2. Trial Supply of HARMANEE COFFEE.

Coffee Connoisseurs know that HARMANEE COFFEE is the most economical in use, as well as choicest in flavour. Price, **3/6** per lb., or 3 lbs. for **10/-**, post paid in the U.K. Supplied in Freshly-Roasted Beans or Ground—Direct from our Plantations to Your Table—from the

MYSORE COFFEE Co., Ltd. 14 Harmanee House, 14 Rathbone Pace, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

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HIGHEST GRADE
Turkish Cigarettes

Blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian Leaf by Allan Ramsay

Size 3 in decorated Tins of 100 for 9/11, 50 for 5/1, 25 for 2/6

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EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN

PRINCESS PETTICOATS

Attractive Princess Fetticoat *in rich quality soft satin, the fullness at sides arranged into hem-stitching. Elastic under arms. In Black, Ivory, Grey, Putty, Golden Brown, Nigger and Ivory.*

PRICE

21/9

Also in crepe de Chine,

PRICE

25/9

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FASHIONABLE KNITTED JUMPER SUITS

FOR PRESENT WEAR

We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Knitted Jumper Suits which have been specially designed for present wear. They are made on new lines, perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time practical and useful.

BOUCLETTE KNITTED JUMPER SUIT (as sketch), made in a becoming style for small ladies wear, with original arrangement of pockets. In Beige only with various colours in contrasting stripes at hem of skirt and sleeves and border of jumper.

PRICE

7½ Gns.

Catalogue first free.

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Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.

Sent on approval.

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BYSTANDERISMS

£50 FOR A PHRASE

See Page 330 for Details.

*Name of Club, &c.*_____

Competing Phrase (in plain block lettering)

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PERFECT FITTING CORSETS

A GIRDLE CORSET with very straight hip line and nothing above the waist. This model has a skilfully designed lacing at each side, which allows for slight adjustment, without unsightly ridges. In Broché or Pink Satin.

PRICES

47/6 and **49/6**

In Batiste with button front,

32/6

We should point out that if it is impossible for our customers to call for a fitting, it is necessary when ordering to send us the correct hip, as well as waist, measurements which should be taken over the corset and not outside the clothes.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W1

On Saying Good-bye

NOW you must promise me that you will brush those little teeth every night before you go to bed and every morning when you get up, and Mummie will buy you a tube of that dentifrice that all the little children like so much called Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. It doesn't scratch your teeth like some do. It just washes them and polishes them and keeps them well and makes them pretty.

The Jewel in the mouth

ENAMEL not only gives teeth their marvellous beauty, but in the infinitely wonderful economy of nature it gives them protection as well. It is a hard, strong, durable material, but it should not, just because it is so good, be scoured by a dentifrice that contains harsh grit. That is not fair play, and tooth enamel is bound to be injured by it. Rather it should be washed and polished by a dentifrice like Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream which contains all that is needed to clean and polish the teeth and nothing that could possibly injure the enamel.

LARGE SIZE, 1/- MEDIUM SIZE, 6d.

COLGATE'S

Washes and Polishes—doesn't Scratch or Scour

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